# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers. NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance. THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

{ CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON NEXT PAGE. }

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1854. WHOLE NO. 1735.

## Original Poetry.

### SUNSET ON THE PRAIRIE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. S. S. SMITH.

'Tis sunset on the prairie. A bright flood
Of crimson glory gilds the western sky,
And o'er the smooth, broad, undulating plains,
Floats like a sea of gold. The autumnal mists
Rise faintly on the breeze that wanders o'er
The broad campagna, as sad memory wakes
Some fond remembrance of loved friends afar,
And dims mine eye with tears.

Far, far away,
Mid the green hills, where lies a quiet vale
Embowered mid green trees of stalwart growth,
Gleams a sweet river, like a silvery thread
Winding its sinuous way along the vale
Anear my childhood's home. There are kind hearts
In that green valley, sprinkled here and there
Lie many a home beloved, where farewell words
Seemed freighted with the mist of unshed tears —
Ye viewless winds, bear back upon your gales,
To each loved dwelling, like a hymn of peace,
The blessing of the wanderer.

How brightly luminous
The golden mist round yon horizon's verge,
And the concentrate rays that gleam and quiver
O'er the bright plains—how clear against the sky,
Loom pleasant villages and shady groves,
Full many a league away; while here and there,
Like ships upon a calm and windless sea,
Riding at anchor with their canvas lowered,
Gleam rural cottages, embowered mid trees;
Where art aids nature to reclaim with ease
Her genial gifts to man. The summer blossoms
Have parted one by one, and in their stead
Bloom those of hardier growth. The pink, acacia,
The graceful rosum-weed, and purple asters
'Mid the wild grasses wave their bending heads
In prayerful worship at the close of day.
Along the marge of yon green sleeping vale,
Where a deep brooklet wanders murmuring by,
The wilding broom waves her long yellow hair
Unto the breeze.

Here the eye seeks in vain
Some rougher form of beauty. No mountain gorge
Or cliff, nor cone-shaped hills, nor craggy steep,
Attracts the view. The boundless space around
Is of a pencilled smoothness, covered over
With a rich garniture of waving grass
And golden grain. At this lone quiet hour
Of musing, when a solemn stillness broods
O'er the vast prairie, ere the dusky brow
Of twilight deepens, or the solemn stars
Look down from Heaven mid nature's quiet hush,
The burning crimson of yon glorious sky,
O'er canopied with gorgeous sapphire clouds,
Fringed with the rainbow's variegated hues,
From whence, unlashed, bright chariots of gold
Ride down triumphant to the nether verge
Of the horizon, widely curling round,
Seems like Heaven bursting on this lower world,
And flooding it with splendor. Then viewless harps
Wake that high note of melody, which waits
On the still ambient air far down to earth;
And those who list, may catch the swelling strain
Which bears our winged thoughts far, far above
The painful jarrings of this riotous world—
From whence returning, freighted with deep peace,
With naught to break our revery.

'Tis then
Pure spirits hover near, and man doth hold
Commune with angels. In hours like these,
The soul casts off the cumbering cares of earth,
And journeys onward many a goodly league
Toward Heaven. Sure they wind the woof
Of that bright tracery, of whose inwoven threads
Is wrought the robe immortal, with which we
Shall be re-clothed, when we shall lay aside
These fading vestments of mortality.

*Earlville, Lasalle Co., Illinois.*

NOTE. The artistic farmer, with an eye to utility as well as beauty, in breaking up the virgin soil of the prairie, leaves round his dwelling (which is generally located near a small grove of timber) the young and straggling shrubbery, which he converts into straight lines, by transplanting into the intermediate spaces, or leaves it in natural though irregular clumps, which are not only pleasing to the eye of taste, but are of great benefit in sheltering his large herds of cattle, not only from the winds and storms which sometimes spend their unbroken force over these vast plains, but also in sheltering them from the scorching heat of the noonday sun during the summer solstice.

## Original Novelet.

### MIRIAM, THE AVENGER;
OR,
### THE FATAL VOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE LOST HEIRESS," "VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE," "SHANNONDALE," "THE CURSE OF CLIFTON," "THE DESERTED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

CLIPPING A BIRD'S WINGS.

And the maiden's face stopped its play,
As if her first hair had grown grey—
For such things must begin some day!
In a day or two she was well again
As who should say—"You labor in vain!
This is all a jest against God, who meant
I should ever be, as I am, content
And glad in his sight; therefore glad I will be."
So smiling as at first went she. — *Browning.*

It is written, "Thou shalt not seethe the kid in its mother's milk." Yet Commodore Waugh did not hesitate to do this thing.

The only way by which he could control Jacquelina, was through her affection for her mother—for filial love was now the sole human and vulnerable part of the fairy's nature, and he did not shrink from attacking that point.

Jacquelina had continued to laugh at his threats, and to defy his fury. And he felt at last that she would, in her own person, brave any fate, rather than have an unwelcome marriage forced upon her. But her mother! he meant to make her tremble for the fate of her mother!

For a year past, that poor woman's health, noticed by all, except good Henrietta, had been sinking. A close room, an infected atmosphere, a storm raised by the Commodore, a change in the weather, a little indiscretion in diet, anything of the kind was enough to make her ill for a day or a week, as it happened. There was also the little hacking cough, and the afternoon flush in the cheeks, and light in the eyes, and elevation of the animal spirits, that could scarcely as yet be recognized as hectic fever. Jacquelina was too young and inexperienced, and all the rest of the family too careless to notice the insidious approach of death—all, except Henrietta, who watched the victim with anxiety, frequently warning her in something like this manner, "Mary, you must attend to that cough," or, "Mary, child, don't sit in that draught of cold air," or, "It is time you had on your flannel, Mary."

This watchfulness and these admonitions had increased so much of late, that they had attracted Jacquelina's attention, and directed it to her mother—and the young girl noticed for the first time that she was very thin, and that her voice was weak, and her footsteps faint and slow—yet every day, after dinner, when the invalid had such a fine color, and such a flow of spirits, Jacquelina was reassured. One day, however, when Mrs. Waugh had been more than usually anxious in her thoughtfulness for the poor little woman, Jacquelina followed her aunt to her room, and asked, gravely,

"Aunty! is there anything the matter with my Minny?"

The tears swam in Henrietta's eyes as she looked at the girl.

"Your mother has not been well for a long time, my dear. She is neither well nor happy—therefore you must be very attentive to her, Lapwing, and very careful not to wound or disturb her in any way by your frolics, or you may some day greatly repent it."

"Aunty! you don't mean to say that Minny is *seriously* ill?"

"Yes, my dear, she is seriously out of health! but we can do much to help her—especially you can, Lapwing. You are her only child, and her greatest comfort, and you must do all that you can to serve her."

"I am sure I will, aunty! There is nothing in the world I would not do for my Minny! But you don't, you don't think there is any *danger*, do you?" she asked, as her eyes overflowed with tears.

"Oh, no, my dear! No immediate danger. We must be very careful of her—that is all!"

But the young girl was not satisfied—a weight had fallen upon her heart—she had learned to ponder, to watch, to hope, and to fear, for one she loved "whom death might touch."

From that day forth, she watched her mother's changing face with tenderness and anxiety, waiting on her, anticipating her wishes, saving her steps and labor, shielding her from harm, and from her uncle's frequent harshness, in a way that no one would have believed of the elf.

In the night she often left her bed to creep on tiptoe to her mother's room, to ascertain if she slept soundly, and often finding her awake and feverish, she would slip down stairs, and go to the distant spring to get a pitcher of fresh water to lave her burning head, and slake her burning thirst. These night fevers would go off towards morning in a profuse perspiration, and Mary L'Oiseau would rise, though weak, and go about the house as usual.

But the clouds were fast gathering over poor Sans Souci's heavens.

The Commodore had quite recovered for the time being, and he began to urge the marriage of his niece with his favorite. Doctor Grimshaw's importunities were also becoming very tiresome. They were no longer a *jest*. She could no longer divert herself with them. She felt them as a real persecution, and expressed herself accordingly. To Grim' she said,

"Once I used to laugh at you. But now I do hate you more than anything in the universe! And I wish—(Heaven forgive me, I know it is a sin; but it is the whole truth)—I do wish that you were in Heaven! for I do detest the very sight of you—there!"

And to the Commodore's furious threats she would answer,

"Uncle, the time has passed by centuries ago for forcing girls into wedlock, thanks be to Christianity and civilization. You can't force me to have Grim', and you had as well give up the wicked purpose," or words to that effect.

One day when she had said something of the sort, the Commodore answered cruelly,

"Very well, Miss! *I* force no one, please to understand! But I afford my protection and support only upon certain conditions, and withdraw them when those conditions are not fulfilled! Neither you nor your mother had any legal claim upon me. *I* was not in any way bound to feed and clothe and house you for so many years. I did it with the tacit understanding that you were to marry to please *me*, and all your life you have understood, as well as any of us, that you were to wed Doctor Grimshaw."

"If such an understanding existed, it was without my consent, and was originated in my infancy, and I do not feel and I will not be in the least degree bound by it! For the expense of my support and education, uncle! I am truly sorry that you risked it upon the hazardous chance of my liking or disliking the man of your choice! But as I had no hand in your venture, I do not feel the least responsible for your losses. Yours is the fate of a gambler in human hearts who has staked and lost—that is the worst!"

"And by all the fiends in fire, Minion! you shall find that it is *not* the worst. I know how to put the screws to you, and I shall do it!" exclaimed the Commodore in a rage, as he rose up and strode off towards the room occupied by Mary L'Oiseau. Without the ceremony of knocking, he burst the door open with one blow of his foot, and entered where the poor, feverish, frightened creature was lying down to take a nap. Throwing himself into a chair by her bedside, he commenced a furious attack upon the trembling invalid. He recounted, with much exaggeration, the scene that had just transpired between himself and Jacquelina—repeated with additions her undutiful words, bitterly reproached Mary for encouraging and fostering that rebellious and refractory temper in her daughter, warned her to bring the headstrong girl to a sense of her position and duty, or to prepare to leave his roof; for he swore he "wouldn't be hectored over and trodden upon by her nor her daughter any longer!" And so having overwhelmed the timid, nervous woman with undeserved reproaches and threats, he arose and left the room.

And can any one be surprised that her illness was increased, and her fever arose, and her senses wandered all night? When her mother was ill, Jacquelina could not sleep. Now she sat by her bedside sponging her hot hands, and keeping ice to her head, and giving drink to slake her burning thirst, and listening, alas! to her sad and rambling talk about their being turned adrift in the world to starve to death, or to perish in the snow!—calling on her daughter to save them both by yielding to her uncle's will! And Jacquelina heard and understood, and wept and sighed—a new experience to the poor girl, who was

"Not used to tears at night
Instead of slumber!"

All through the night she nursed her with unremitting care. And in the morning when the fever waned, and the patient was wakeful, though exhausted, she left her only to bring the refreshing cup of tea and plate of toast, prepared by her own hands.

But when she brought it to the bedside, the pale invalid waved it away. She felt as if she could not eat. Fear had clutched her heart, and would not relax its hold.

"I want to talk to you, Jacquelina," she said.

"Eat and drink first, Minny, and then you and I will have such another good talk!" said Jacquelina, coaxingly.

"I can't! Oh! I can't swallow a mouthful, I am choking now!"

"Oh! that is nothing but the hysterics, Minny! 'high-strikes,' as Jenny calls them! I feel like I should have them myself sometimes! Come! cheer up, Minny! Your fever is off, and your head is cool! Come, take this consoling cup of tea and bit of toast, and you will feel so much stronger and cheerfuller."

"Tea! Oh! everything I eat and drink in this unhappy house is bitter—the bitter cup and bitter bread of dependance!"

"Put more sugar into it then, Minny, and sweeten it! Come! Things are not yet desperate! Cheer up!"

"What do you mean, my love? Have you consented to be married to Professor Grimshaw?"

"No! St. Mary! Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Jacquelina, shuddering for the first time.

"Now why 'Heaven forbid?' Oh! my child, why are you so perverse? Why won't you take him, since your uncle has set his heart upon the match?"

"Oh, mother?"

"I know you are very young to be married—too young! far too young! Only sixteen, gracious Heaven! But then you know we have no alternative but that, or starvation; and it is not as if you were to be married to a youth of your own age—this gentleman is of grave years and character, which makes a great difference."

"I should think it did!"

"What makes you shiver and shake so, my dear? Are you cold, or nervous? Poor child! you got no sleep last night. Do you drink that cup of tea, my dear! You need it more than I do."

"No! no!"

"Why, what is the matter with my fairy?"

"Oh, mother! mother! don't take sides against me! don't! or you will drive me to my ruin! Who will take a child's part, if her mother don't! I love you best of all the world, mother. Do not take sides against me! take my part! help me to be true—to be true!"

"True to whom, Jacquelina? What are you talking about?"

"True to this *heart*—to this *heart*, mother! to all that is honest and good in my nature!"

"I don't understand you at all."

"Oh! mother, the thought of marrying anybody is unwelcome to me—now—and the idea of being married to Grim' is abhorrent! is like that of being sold to a master that I hate, or sent to prison for life; it is full of terror and despair! Oh! oh!—"

"Don't talk so wildly, Jacquelina—you make me ill!"

"Do I, Minny? Oh! I didn't mean to worry you. Bear up, Minny! do try to bear up! don't fear; suppose he *does* turn me out! I am but a little girl—and food and clothing are cheap enough in the country, and any of our neighbors will take me in just for the fun I'll make them! La! yes, that they will, just as gladly as they will let in the sunshine!"

"Oh, child, how little you know of the world! Yes, for a day or two, or a week or two—scarcely longer! And even if you could find a home, who would give shelter to your poor, sick mother, for the rest of her life?"

"Mother! uncle would never deny you shelter upon my account!" exclaimed Jacquelina, growing very pale.

"Indeed he will, my child! he has! he came in here last night, and warned me to pack up and leave the house!"

"He will not dare—even *he*, so to outrage humanity and public opinion, and everything he ought to respect!"

"My child, he will! He has so set his heart upon making Nace Grimshaw his successor at Luckenough—that if you disappoint him in this darling purpose, there will be no limit to his rage and his revenge! And he will not only send us from his roof, but he will seek to justify himself and further ruin us by blackening our names. Your wildness and eccentricity will be turned against us, and so distorted and misrepresented as to ruin us both forever!"

"Mother! mother! he is not so wicked as that!"

"He is furious in his temper, and violent in his impulses—he will do all that under the influence of disappointment and passion, however he may afterwards repent his injustice. You must not disappoint him, Jacquelina!"

"*I* disappoint him? Why, Minny, Luckenough does not belong to *me*. And if he wants Grim' to be his successor, *why* as I have heard aunty ask him, does he not make him his heir?"

"There are reasons, I suspect, my dear, why he *cannot* do so. I think he holds the property by such a tenure, that he cannot alienate it from the *family*. And the only manner in which he can bestow it upon Doctor Grimshaw, will be through his wife, if the doctor should marry some relative!"

"That is it, hey! Well! I will not be made a sumpter-mule to carry this rich gift over to Doctor Grimshaw—even if there is no other way of conveyance. Mother! what is the reason the Professor is such a favorite with uncle?"

"My dear, I don't know, but I have often had my suspicions."

"Of what, Minny?"

"Of a very near, though unacknowledged relationship; don't question me any farther upon that particular point, my dear, for I really know nothing whatever about it. Oh, dear!" And the invalid groaned and turned over.

"Mother, you are very weak; mother, please to take some tea; let me go get you some hot!"

"Tell me, Jacquelina; will you do as the old man wishes you?"

"I will tell you, after you take some refreshments," said Jacquelina.

"Well! go bring me some."

The girl went and brought more hot tea and toast, and waited until her mother had drank the former, and partaken of a morsel of the latter. When, in answer to the eager, inquiring look, she said:

"Mother! if I alone were concerned, I would leave this house this moment, though I should never have another roof over my head! But for your sake, mother, I will still fight the battle. I will try to turn uncle from his purpose. I will try to awaken Grim's generosity, if he has any, and get him to withdraw his suit. I will get aunty to use her influence with both of them, and see what can be done. But as for marrying Dr. Grimshaw, mother—I know what I am saying—I would rather *die*!"

"And see *me* die, my child?"

"Oh, mother! it will not be so bad as that."

"Jacquelina, it will! Do you know what is the meaning of these afternoon fevers and night sweats, and this cough?"

"I know it means that you are very much out of health, Minny, but I hope you will be well in the spring."

"Jacquelina, it means *death*!"

"Oh, no! No, no! No, no! Not so! There's Miss Nancy Skamp has had a cough every winter ever since I knew her, and she is not dead nor likely to die, and you will be well in the spring!" said the girl, changing color and faltering in spite of herself.

"I shall never see another spring, my child—"

"Oh, mother! don't! don't say so. You—"

"Hear me out, my dear—I shall never live to see another spring, unless I can have a quiet life, with peace of mind! These symptoms, my child, mean *death*, sooner or later. My life may be protracted for many *years*, if I can live in peace and comfort—but if I must suffer privation, want, and anxiety, I cannot survive many *months*, Jacquelina!"

The poor girl was deadly pale—she started up and walked the floor in a distracted manner, crying,

"What shall I do! Oh! what shall I do!"

"It is very plain what you shall do, my child. You must marry Dr. Grimshaw! Come, my dear, be reasonable! If I did not think it best for your happiness and prosperity, I would not urge it! No, not to prevent myself being homeless and starving in my illness. But, Jacquelina, look on both sides of the subject. If you do not marry Dr. Grimshaw, your uncle will disinherit you, and send us both out, houseless wanderers—here is, then, on one side, beggary and a blighted name! On the other, wealth and position. Jacquelina, my child, this is no Arcadian world—whose people can live on sentiment, heroism, love, or, still less, on 'freedom, fun and frolic,' your favorite watch-words. Those who are well housed, well clothed, and well fed, have abundance to be thankful for! They can do without the ideal raptures of love and romance, and the rest of the nonsense that exists nowhere but in the crazed brains of poets and novelists. Food, and clothing, and warmth, and shelter, are the necessaries of life, the rest is but fantastical foolishness—not so much amiss if they can be had in addition to the others, but never to be purchased at their expense. *Now*, if you will only be a sensible girl, and a dutiful child, and marry Dr. Grimshaw, you will have all these things, and a husband who dotes on you besides. And your uncle will be very good to you when once you have sacrificed your will to his pleasure."

All this time Jacquelina was walking up and down the floor, wringing her hands. Presently she came to her mother's side, and said,

"Minny, don't talk any longer, dear! There's a bright spot on your cheek now, and your fever will rise again, even this morning. I will see what can be done to bring everybody to reason! I will not believe but that if *I* remain firm and faithful to my heart's integrity, there will be *some* way of escape made between these two alternatives."

But could Sans Souci do this? Had the frolicsome fairy sufficient integral strength and self balance to resist the powerful influences gathering around her?

The clouds thickened and darkened over her head. The circle of irresistible fate seemed closing about her. And her efforts to dissolve the spell, and throw off the influence, were fitful, flighty, and ineffectual. And what was it that crippled, and distracted, and made impotent her resistance? It was her love for her sick, and helpless, and timid mother. Not much reverence had Jacquelina for that mother—not much reverence for anything on earth, had the elf; but a tender, nursing love, without much respect—a love whose character was betrayed in the petting and protecting manner, and the childish names by which the young girl would address her parent. That poor, weak mother was the stumbling block in her path of rectitude. Had she been alone, her elastic spirit would have thrown off all weight, and stepped forth, free and fearless, into God's world of work; and the forest fairy would have become a toiling kitchen 'brownie,' rather than have bartered her freedom for sloth and wealth. But the choice lay between her own happiness and her mother's ease and comfort! It was, therefore, with something like a wild, amazed despair that the girl sometimes realized the facts of her position, and contemplated the impending doom. For, battle and strive as the poor thing might, who could doubt the issue? Neither did the Commodore leave her at peace for a single day. She avoided her uncle as much as she possibly could, and defied him when she met him. As thus—when encountering him on the stairs or at the table, he would ask her,

"Well, are you making preparations for getting married, or for leaving the house, which?"

"Neither! I wouldn't marry the Ogre to save the world from a general conflagration! and I won't budge a foot out of the house until Minny gets well, to save your soul alive! There!"

"Oh! if it comes to *that*, I can put you out!"

"I defy you to do it! You'd get mobbed by your own colored people! not to say the whole county, when they came to know it! You must think I'm a fool!"

"I do think so—but I advise you to be sensible, and prepare for your wedding or your flitting, for the day is fast approaching."

"I don't care if it is! A good many things might happen in a few days! You might have a stroke of apoplexy, you know, which would set everything right at once! For my part, I live in hopes!"

"You do! well, I live in certainties—for on Christmas Eve, at night, you either enter your bridal chamber, or get thrust into the wintry weather—and not you alone, but your mother, too!"

"Monstrous sinner! Oh! it serves me just right for crossing the path of fate, and saving you from the flames! I wish to goodness I had let you burned up—there!"

"Oh! ho! ho! ho!" roared the Commodore, with his hoarse laugh—"but you see you did do it! It was your fate to save me, as it will be your fate, beyond your deserts, to take Grim' for your lord and master."

"I'll kill him first!—a horrible old Vampire! Oh! I wish I were a gipsy, or circus rider, or a rope dancer, or anything on earth that is free and merry!"

"Yes, I dare say! And it is to prevent your running away with some travelling menagerie, that I intend to make you safe under Grim's control!"

"I'll run away *afterwards*! I won't marry him at all, I mean! but if I did, I'd run away from him, the ugly old Giraffe!"

"Grim' could restrain you."

"I'd break his heart! I'd drive him raving mad, and make him commit suicide!"

"Grim' will risk that."

"I'll end it all, and drown myself before I'll marry him!"

"And *I'll* risk *that*."

And many such conversations as this would ensue between the uncle and the niece. And Sans Souci would always leave him with her spirits all on fire with opposition.

And going into her mother's room, she would exclaim,

"Minny! *Be* a woman! Bear up, Minny! Oh, Minny! try to get well, and help me to withstand this monstrous wickedness!"

But little help did the poor girl get from her feeble mother, who would still receive her pleadings with such words as these—

"Oh! Jacquelina! your perverseness will break my heart," or "oh! you wild, misguided child! you will kill me."

"Minny, you know I love you better than all the world."

"I know you *pretend* to love me, but you are so selfish and hardhearted, that you would rather see me *die* here than give up your own wild, foolish will, even when to give it up would be for your own good."

During these interviews, Sans Souci would shed the bitterest tears she had ever shed in her life, and she would retire from them with her spirits depressed, and her powers of resistance much diminished.

She tried and succeeded in winning the cordial sympathy and co-operation of Mrs. Waugh. Henrietta was the only friend and coadjutor she had in the house. Daily and hourly she risked the storm of the Commodore's wrath by her silent, steady system of opposition to his views. She would constantly intervene as a shield between him and poor Mary, between him and Jacquelina, and between Jacquelina and Doctor Grimshaw. She resolutely expostulated with the Commodore about the crying sin of ruining the whole life's happiness of a poor child, one, especially, who had saved him from a horrible death by fire at the imminent risk of her own life.

"Ah, but the little vixen! she says she is sorry she did it now! And that wipes out the remembrance of the favor!" chuckled the Commodore.

"And you know very well that that is only Lapwing's wild talk! It is just like the reckless elf to destroy the whole *effect* of an act of heroism by a little petulance! You *know* that even now, badly as you use her, were your life again in danger, she would risk her own to save you! You *know* it, Commodore Waugh. You *know* it, and yet this is the way in which you would *repay* her! I don't see *how*, remembering that awful night when she saved you—you can persist in a purpose that if carried into effect, will utterly crush her glad heart, and break her high spirit forever!"

"*O-h-h-h!*" roared the old man, suddenly bringing down the point of his heavy stick upon the floor, and thrusting forward his huge head; *o-h-h-h!* what *right* has a female to spirit? She has a great deal too much spirit! She is an impudent minx, and I hope Grim' *will* break her spirit, that is all!"

"I should advise him never to try! no woman worth having can ever be governed except through her affections, or her conscience! And as Jacquelina neither loves nor respects the man you would force upon her, I should dread for him to try the part of a tyrant—he would find the most dangerous rebel that ever tyranny created."

"I mistake Grim' if he don't know how to manage a refractory girl, as long as he has been used to governing rebellious boys!"

"You can talk of your niece in that way! And she saved you from a death by fire! saved you at the imminent hazard of meeting the same horrible fate! saved you when not a strong, brave man on the plantation would dare the attempt! She, a young, fragile girl, dared to do it, and I firmly believe a *miracle* assisted her! And *this* is the way you repay her!"

"'This is the way I repay her!' Yes, this is the way I repay her! and a very good way, too!—none better! What the fiend would you have? I give her a large fortune, and a good husband to take care of it for her, and to keep her out of mischief, and make her behave herself!"

"I assure you, Commodore Waugh, that I shall do all I can to prevent this great wrong. And if it is to go on, I will have no hand whatever in it. I will not make the slightest preparations for it, nor countenance the atrocity by my presence at the mockery of the marriage rites!"

"Then, by all the demons, ma'am, you are quite welcome to keep away! Your room will be just as agreeable as your company!" said the Commodore, brutally.

"And more, I tell you, Commodore Waugh! if you *do* commit the heinous crime of forcing the child into this hated marriage, a curse will follow it!—an awful punishment will fall upon it! a fatal catastrophe will end it! Be warned in time!"

"D—n! ma'am, silence with your croaking! Do you think I'm to be scared from my purpose by the voice of an old raven?"

Mrs. Waugh's next essay was with Doctor Grimshaw himself. She seized the opportunity when he occupied the parlor alone. She went up to him, and saying that she wished to have a few moment's of private conversation with him, she sat down by his side, and delicately approached the subject. She then spoke of the general unsuitability of a marriage between himself and her niece.

Doctor Grimshaw interrupted her by politely suggesting that he himself might be considered the best judge of that.

Mrs. Waugh persisted in expressing her doubts upon that very point. She spoke of the glaring disparity of their respective ages and characters—her merry thoughts. Jacquelina, she said, could never make a proper and suitable companion for the grave and learned Professor Grimshaw.

Doctor Grimshaw smiled, and thanking her for the questionable compliment, begged her to understand that he did not even expect or wish to find in Miss L'Oiseau an *intellectual* companion—that in his library and among his brother professors, he found sufficient of intellectual sympathy—that he rather disliked intellectual women, and never should dream of selecting one for his wife—that in Miss L'Oiseau's delightful beauty and refreshing wit he sought only the necessary relaxation from graver thoughts and studies.

"And she is no more intended for a pedant's toy than for a sultan's slave!" exclaimed Henrietta, indignantly. "Doctor Grimshaw, you have been intimate enough with this family, and deep enough in the Commodore's counsels to know exactly how this matter stands. You know Jacquelina's unconquerable repugnance to this union, and you know the motives and influences that have been brought to bear upon the child to compel her to receive you as a suitor. And knowing this, if you are the man of honor that I hope to find you, you will never permit yourself to be forced upon her acceptance!"

"Madam, being sincerely attached to Miss L'Oiseau, and having her uncle's, your husband's, sanction for addressing her, you cannot very severely blame me for seeking to overcome the obstacles of the young lady's prejudices and dislike, and to win her regard."

"Doctor Grimshaw, your specious words deceive you no more than they do *myself*. You are perfectly well aware that your suit to Jacquelina is unwelcome and distressing to the last degree—and if you have any *manhood*, not to say humanity, or dignity, or delicacy of character, you will immediately withdraw it."

"Mrs. Waugh's words are severe! and yet I am sorry I cannot oblige her in this particular matter!" answered the Professor, bowing.

"And, in that case, I shall be compelled to withdraw my confidence and esteem from Doctor Grimshaw!"

"I shall be extremely grieved and mortified to lose Mrs. Waugh's good opinion," said the Professor, rising and bowing ironically; "there is, indeed, but one thing to console me for the want of it, and that is, the fair hand of her charming niece!"

It was with difficulty Henrietta could abstain from saying,

"In future, when Doctor Grimshaw honors this house with his presence, he will do me a favor by not addressing one word of his conversation to me!"

But she *did* restrain herself, and passed from the room to seek the presence of Mrs. L'Oiseau, in whom her last hope of saving Jacquelina rested.

She found her in her chamber, where, even when not confined by weakness, she chose to remain, to keep out of sight and hearing of that terrible bug bear, the Commodore.

"Mary," said Mrs. Waugh, seating herself beside her, "I come to you to tell you that you must save your child from this hideous injustice! Only you can do it, and you must!"

"Oh, dear! oh, blessed saints! what can I do? I'm sure my uncle frightens me almost to death with his threats!"

"You must not, through any fear of consequences to yourself, permit this great wrong to be done to your child! If you do, mind I tell you it will meet with a terrible retribution. You are her mother, and you can interpose to save her. You can do it with authority. *Only* you can do it! Rouse yourself! Stand by her in her trouble, Mary, and God will sustain you! The very birds of the air and beasts of the field defend their young! be *up* to their level, for Heaven's sake, and defend yours!"

"Defend her from what? Dear me, it seems as if a good match were not such a bad thing. I believe you're all out of your senses, and you want to kill me with your scenes! What can *I* do—poor, feeble, dependent creature that I am!"

"What can you do!" exclaimed Henrietta, indignantly; "you can teach her, by your example—by your courage and patience, to brave any fate rather than barter the integrity of her soul for ease and wealth! You can take her by the hand and go forth into the wide world if necessary, to seek a home with strangers, or from charity! You can encourage her, protect her, defend her; you can suffer *with* her, and *for* her—as God knows, if she were my child, *I* would, rather than see her so bitterly wronged!"

"Oh!" whined the sufferer, "it is easy for you to talk—you, who haven't got it to do. We can all of us be patient or courageous or *anything by proxy*."

"I would I stood in your place! I would do more than I have said! I would die *with* and *for* my child, rather than see her left to so much misery!"

"Oh, do go away! You make me nervous and feverish! It is bad enough to have Uncle Nick's abuse for not *making her marry* Grim', without having yours for not *preventing* her doing it. I am just between two fires! I do believe that you mean to drive me crazy, between you!"

Once more upon this day an indignant scathing reply arose to Mrs. Waugh's lips, and they burned to say, "Of all the cowardice and meanness in this world, that which hinders a mother from being just to her daughter certainly is the most loathly! There is no such thing in the brute creation! it is only to be found in lost human nature!" But again she bit her lips in silence, and arose and left the room. She found Jacquelina in the passage, on her way to her mother's room. Mrs. Waugh motioned her in silence to go in. Now Henrietta certainly thought she was entitled to the wilful girl's gratitude for the interest she had taken, and the rebuffs she had received in her cause. Judge then of the good woman's surprise when, in the course of the evening, Jacquelina came in and roundly took her to task for lecturing her "Minny" into a fever.

"She can't stand it, aunty! And if you waked and watched with her as *I* do every night, you'd know how bad her nights are!"

"Oh! child—" began Henrietta; but whatever she was about to say was drowned in tears, as she covered her face and wept.

In an instant Jacquelina's arms were around her neck.

"Aunty! aunty! dear, good aunty! don't cry! what are you crying about? Have I hurt your feelings? I never meant to!"

"No! no! little Lapwing! you didn't hurt my feelings."

"What are you crying about then, aunty? Don't cry!"

"About the—way—they—treat—you, Lapwing!" sobbed Henrietta.

"*Don't they, though?* Never mind! I'll pay them with compound interest! Now look here, aunty! stop this! if you keep on so, I shall go ramping mad! I know I shall! What do you cry about *me* for? *I* don't cry for myself! Catch me at it! For won't I lead him a *life*? Instead of breaking my *own* heart about it, I mean to break *his*! I vow to 'Sam,' that I'll drive him frantic, and make him run his head against a wall, and bat his brains out before the honeymoon is over! Oh! *I'll* train him! You shall see fun alive at Locust Hill! So cheer up, aunty! or if you must cry, just cry for poor Grim'! it will be a charity!"

As the decisive day approached, Jacquelina certainly acted like one distraught—now in wild defiance, now in paleness and tears, and anon in fitful mirth, or taunting threats. She rapidly lost flesh and color, and in hysterical laughter accounted for it by saying that she believed in her soul Grim' was a spiritual Vampire, who preyed upon her life! She avoided him as much as she could. And if sometimes when she was about to escape from him he would seize her wrist and detain her, she would suddenly lose her breath, and turn so pale, that in the fear of her fainting, he would release her. So he got no opportunity to press his claims.

One morning, however—it was about a week before Christmas—she voluntarily sought his presence. She entered the parlor where he sat alone. Excitement had flushed her cheeks with a vivid crimson, and lighted her eyes with sparkling fire—she did not know that her beauty was enhanced a thousand fold—she did not know that never in her life had her presence kindled such a flame in the heart of her lover as it did at that moment. And if he restrained himself from going to meet her, it was the dread lest she should fade away from him, as he had seen her do so often. But she advanced and stood before him.

"Dr. Grimshaw!" she said, "I have come to make a last appeal to you! I have come to beg, to supplicate you, for my sake, for honor, for truth, and for mercy's sake, yes! for Heaven's sake, to withdraw your pretensions to my poor hand! For, sir, I *do* not and I *can* not like you! I do not say but that you are far too good and wise, and every way too worthy for such a girl as I am—and that you do me the very greatest honor by your preference, but still no one can account for tastes—and, sir, I cannot like you—pray, pardon me! indeed, I cannot help it."

Although her *words* were so humble, her color was still heightened, and her eyes had a threatening, defiant sparkle in them, so contradictory, so piquant and fascinating in contrast with the little fragile, graceful, helpless form, that his head was almost turned. It was with difficulty he could keep from snatching the fluttering, half defiant, half frightened, bird like creature to his bosom. But he contented himself with saying,

"My fairy! we are commanded to love those that hate us; and should you hate me more than ever, I should only continue to love you!"

"Love me at a *distance*, then! and the *greater* the distance, the more grateful I shall be!"

He could no longer quite restrain himself. He seized her hand and drew her towards him, exclaiming, in an eager, breathless, half-whisper,

"No! *closer* and *closer* shall my love draw us, beautiful one! until it compasses your hate and unites us forever!"

With a half suppressed cry, she wrung her hand from his grasp, and answered wildly,

"I sought your presence, to entreat you—and to warn you! I have supplicated you, and you have turned a deaf ear to my prayer! Now I warn you! and disregard my warning, if you dare! despise it at your peril! I am going out of my wits, I think! I warn you that I *may* consent to become your wife! I have no persevering resistance in my nature. I cannot hold out forever against those I love! But I warn you, that if ever I consent, it will be under the undue influence of others!"

"Put your consent upon any ground you please, you delightful, you enchanting little creature! We will spare your blushes, charming as they are!" he exclaimed, surprised out of self-control, and seizing both her hands.

Angrily she snatched them from him.

"What have I said? Oh! what have I said? I believe I am going crazy! I tell you, Doctor Grimshaw, that if I ever yield, it will be only to the overwhelming force brought to bear upon me; and even *then* it will be only during a temporary fit of insanity! And I warn you, I warn you, not to *dare* to take me at my word!"

"Will I not? You bewitching little sprite! do you do this to make me love you ten thousand times more than I do!"

Passionately she broke forth in reply—

"You do not believe me! You do not see that I am in terrible earnest! I tell you, Doctor Grimshaw, that were I induced to consent to be your wife, you had better not take advantage of such a consent! It would be the most fatal day's work you ever did for yourself in this world! You think I'm only a spoiled, petulant child! You do not know me! I do not know myself! I am full of evil! I feel it sensibly, when I am near you! You develope the worst of me! Should you marry me, the very demon would rise in my bosom! I should drive you to distraction!"

"You drive me to distraction *now*, you intoxicating little witch!" he exclaimed, laughing, and darting towards her.

She started and escaped his hand, crying,

"Saints in Heaven! What infatuation! What madness! It must be fate! Avert the fate, man! Avert it! Go find a pistol and shoot yourself, while there is yet time! Go get a mill-stone and tie it around your neck, and cast yourself into the uttermost depths of the sea! or go find a strong cord and a stout branch, and hang yourself! before ever you dare to marry me! Her cheeks were blazing with color, and her eyes with light! He saw only her transcendent beauty.

"Why, you little tragi-comic enchantress, you!—what do you mean? Come to my arms! Come, wild, bright bird! come to my bosom!" he said, stepping towards her, and throwing his arms around her.

"Vampire!" she exclaimed, struggling to free herself for a moment; and then as his lips sought hers the color faded from her face, and the light died in her eyes, and he hastily released her and set her in a chair lest she should swoon in his hated arms.

"Now how am I expected to live with such a wife as this girl would make me? If it were not for the estate I should be tempted to give her up, and travel to forget her! How *shall* I overcome her repugnance? Not by courting her, that's demonstrated! Only by being kind to her, and letting *her* alone." Such was the tenor of his thoughts as he stood a little behind her chair out of her sight.

But Jacquelina, when she found herself free, soon recovered, and arose and left the room.

Why prolong the struggle?—the sorrowful, ineffectual struggle of a captured bird against the net drawing around it. Grief and fear and anxiety were new experiences to Sans Souci's sunny, buoyant nature, and most strange and startling was the effect upon her. Defying, sinking, threatening, yielding—so alternately she passed the time.

And now in laughter—now in tears,
And madly still in each extreme
She strove.

Until a day or two before Christmas, when, in the evening, she glided in to her uncle's room and sunk down by his side—so unlike herself—so like a spirit—that the old sinner impulsively shrank away from her, and put out his hand to ring for lights.

"No! don't send for candles, uncle! Such a wretch as I am should tell her errand in the dark!"

"What do you mean now, Minx?"

"Uncle! in all your voyages round the world did you ever stop at Constantinople? and did you ever visit a slave mart there?"

"Yes—of course I have!—what then?—what—the—deuce are you dreaming of?"

"How much would such a girl as myself bring in the slave market of the Sultan's city?"

"Are you crazy?" asked the Commodore, opening his eyes to their widest extent.

"I don't know! If I am it can make little difference in your plans. But as there is method in my madness, please to answer my question. How much would I sell for in Constantinople?"

"You *are* mad, that's certain! How do I know—where beauties sell for from five hundred to many thousand sechins. But you wouldn't sell for much, you're too small and too thin."

"Beauty sells by the weight, does it? Well, uncle! I see that you have been accustomed to the mart, for you know how to cheapen the merchandise! Save yourself the trouble, uncle! I shall not live long, and therefore I shall not have the conscience to ask a high price for myself!"

"Mad! Mad as a March hare! as sure as shooting she is!" said the Commodore in dismay, staring at her until his great fat eyes seemed bursting from their sockets.

"Not so mad as you think, uncle, either. I have come to make a bargain with you!"

"What the foul fiend do you mean *now*? Do you want me to send you to Constantinople, pray?"

Jacquelina laughed, something like her old silvery laugh, as she answered,

"No, uncle! though if it were not for Minny, I really should prefer it to marrying Grim'!"

"What do you mean then? Speak!"

"This then, uncle. By what I have heard, and what I have seen, and what I have surmised, I am already as deep in your secrets respecting Grim' as you are yourself!"

"You speak falsely, you little——! No one knows anything about it but myself!" exclaimed the Commodore, betraying himself through astonishment and indignation.

Without heeding the contradiction, except by a sly smile, Jacquelina went calmly on—

"And I know that you wish to make me a stalking-horse, to convey the estate to Grimshaw, only because you cannot give it to him in any other way but through his wife."

"What do you mean, you little diabolical—! It is my own—why can I not give it to whom I please, I should like to know?"

"You can give it to any one in the world, uncle, except Dr. Grimshaw, or to one who bears the same relationship to you that he does—for to such a one you may not legally bequeath your landed estate—or—"

"You shocking, impudent little vixen! how dare you talk so?"

"Hear me out, uncle! I say, knowing such to be the case, I also know my own importance as a 'stalking-horse,' or sumpter mule, or something of the sort, to bear upon my own shoulders the burden of this estate, which you wish to give by me to Dr. Grimshaw. Therefore, I shall not give myself away for nothing. I intend to sell myself for a price! Nothing on earth would induce me to consent to marry Dr. Grimshaw, were it not to secure peace and comfort to my mother's latter days. Your threat of turning me out of doors would not compel me into such a marriage, for well I know that you would not venture to put that threat into execution. But I cannot bear to see my poor mother suffer so much as she does while here, dependent upon your uncertain protection. You terrify and distress her beyond her powers of endurance. You make the bread of dependence very, very bitter to her, indeed! And well I know that she will certainly die, if she remains subjected to your powers of tormenting. I speak plainly to you, uncle, having nothing to conceal; to proceed, I assure you I will not meet your views in marrying Dr. Grimshaw, unless it be to purchase for my poor mother a deliverance from bondage, and an independence for life. Therefore, I demand that you shall buy this place, 'Locust Hill,' which I hear can be bought for five thousand dollars, and settle it upon my mother—in return for which, I will bestow my hand in marriage upon Dr. Grimshaw! And mind! I do not promise with it either love, or esteem, or service—only my hand in civil marriage, and the estate it has the power of carrying with it! And the documents that shall make my mother independent of the world, must be drawn up or examined by a lawyer that she shall appoint, and must be placed in her hands on the same hour that gives my hand to Dr. Grimshaw. Do you understand? Now, uncle! that is my ultimatum! For, please the heavens above us! come what may! do what you will! turn me and my mother out of doors, to freeze and starve! I will die, and see *her* die, before I will sell my hand for a less price than will make her independent, and at ease for life! For, look you—I would *rather* see her dead, than leave her in your power! Think of this, uncle! There is time enough to-morrow and next day to make all the arrangements, only be sure I am in earnest! Look in my face! Am I *not* in earnest?"

"I think you are, you little wretch! I could shake the life out of you!"

"That would be easy, uncle! There is not much to shake out! Only, in that case, you would have no stalking-horse to take the estate over to Dr. Grimshaw." And so saying, Jacquelina arose to leave the room.

"Come back here, you little vixen, you!" Sans Souci returned.

"It's well to 'strike while the iron's hot,' and to bind you while you're willing to be bound—for you are an uncertain little villain! Though I don't believe you'd break a solemn pledge once given—hey?"

"No, sir!"

"Pledge me your word of honor, now, that if I buy this little farm of Locust Hill, and settle it upon your mother, you will marry Doctor Grimshaw on this coming Christmas Eve?"

"I pledge you my word of honor that I will!"

"Without mental reservation?"

"Without mental reservation!"

"Stop! it is safer to seal such a pledge!—Climb up on the stand, and hand me that Bible down off the top shelf. Brush the cobwebs off it, and don't let the spiders come with it."

Jacquelina did as she was bid, with a half indifferent, half disdainful air.

"There! Now lay your hand upon this book, and swear by the Holy Evangelists of Almighty God, that you will do as you have pledged yourself to do!"

"I swear!" said Jacquelina.

"Very well! now, confound you, you may put the book back again, and go about your business!"

Sans Souci very willingly complied. And then, as she left the room and closed the door after her, her quick ear caught the sound of the Commodore's voice, chuckling,

"So! I've trapped you! Ten minutes more, and it would have been impossible!"

Full of wonder as to what his words might mean, doubting also whether she had heard them aright, Jacquelina was hasting on towards her mother's room, when she met her Aunt Henrietta hurrying towards her, and speaking impetuously,

"Oh! my little Lapwing, where have you been? I have been looking for you all over the house! Good news, dear Lapwing! Good news! Deliverance is at hand for you! Who do you think has come?"

"Who?—who?" questioned Sans Souci, eagerly.

"CLOUDY!"

"Lost! lost!" cried the wretched girl, and, with a wild shriek that rang through all the house, she threw up her arms, and fell forward to the ground! (TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

### THE MINIATURE.

BY LILY LEA.

I've gazed upon it fondly, in the solemn hush of night—
The moon with mellow lustre, and the stars were glim'ring bright;
But, ah! no diamond radiance in earth or azure skies,
Is half so fair and beautiful as those deep mournful eyes!
Those wavy locks of auburn hair around the temples …
That manly brow so noble is for dignity a shrine;
The lip of perfect sweetness seems whispering, even now,
With confidence and trusting love the oft-repeated vow.
I press it to my lonely heart and shed a silent tear,
And in the saddest hour of grief I feel that *thou art near*,
An angel visitant to me—a guardian evermore.
Though years have flown with thee, Love, upon that far off shore;
Thou'st found a home in stranger-land 'mid prospects bright and fair,
And many a treasured token sent with heartfelt wish and prayer,
Not one sweet gift or talisman is half so dear and pure
As this, the image of thyself—thy own loved miniature!
These mute lips breathe a tone of love, and whisper of the past—
They lift the veil of by-gone years and speak of what thou wast,
"Ere yet thy boyhood years had flown;" the same fond, faithful heart,
And trusting soul and lofty mind are gems that ne'er depart.
Oh! while I wander here, Love, through life's uneven way,
This precious likeness of thyself shall be to me a ray
Of holy light to guide my steps till on some far off shore,
I meet the dear original—aye, *meet to part no more!*

### ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

C. F. Clarkson, former editor of the Indiana American, who is now travelling in Tennessee, narrates the following story in a letter published in the Brookville (Ind.) Democrat:

Let me recite to you the true story of a man whose farm we passed over yesterday. About fifteen years ago, a Presbyterian Clergyman of New York had a wayward son. We have his name and location, but choose to withhold it at present. Before he was seventeen he became so reckless and unruly that his father could no longer control him. He left for the wicked and corrupt city of New York, where he became a clerk in a drinking saloon, but his character was too bad to be retained there. He next was a barkeeper in a theatre, but was dismissed. He went lower, and still lower, until he slept in empty cellars and on the wharves of the city, a perfect nuisance and a disgrace to his race. At this stage of his career, an old college mate—for our hero was a graduate of one of the best colleges in the State of New York—determined that he would hunt him up and make one more effort to save him. He went to New York, and after a week of diligent search, with the aid of the police, he found him. He washed and clothed him, took him back to the country, and by every inducement that could be held out to him, persuaded him to try and be a man. He made the effort, and was successful. That friend who sought him out and who saved him, we are well acquainted with. They both determined to come to Tennessee to teach school. They soon reached here, and with the high recommendations they brought, soon obtained good places. The reclaimed son of the Presbyterian clergyman, within six months after his arrival, married an orphan girl worth forty thousand dollars in cash. She had a younger sister and a brother, who each had equal amounts. The sister soon afterwards died, leaving one-half her estate to our hero and his wife, and the other half to her brother, thus increasing his estate to $60,000. When the Mexican war broke out, the brother enlisted, and made a will leaving all his estate to his brother-in-law (our hero) and his wife, in case he never returned from the war. He, like many other of our noble youths, was killed at Buena Vista. Thus, our hero came into possession of the entire estate of the family, which at first was $120,000. He is now one of the richest planters of Middle Tennessee, and does not live twenty-five miles from Nashville.

TRIFLING DIFFERENCES OF MEANING.—There is one Hebrew word in the Old Testament which is represented in the English translations by the following great variety of words, which have meanings so dissimilar that it is hardly possible for it to be correctly rendered by all of them, viz:

Any, breast, breath, dead, desire, like in jeopardy, life, man, person, tablet, will, fish, greedy, he, hearty, herself, mind, myself, own, themselves, they, will she, appetite, body, creature, deadly, discontented, mortality, lust, me, pleasure, thyself, would have it, ghost, both life, heart, her, himself, jeopardy of life, one, yourself, thing.

## Original Sketches.

### SKETCHES FROM THE TROPICS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

NO. XXIII.

THE LONE CARIB SQUAW.

I wish you could have seen her as I did, bending down from the tall rocks. The river-bank (for it seemed like an altar) was of itself a sight for the curious, broken by deep fissures—plastered with rich sea green, red and grey—covered at the base with tiny vari-colored shellfish—encrusted with a kind of hard, glittering weed, that in some places shone with the clearness and brightness of silver. She was a tall, yet not gaunt figure, though very thin; her movements were rapid, her eagle eyes flashing and darting from cloud to shore, and from shore to the calm deep of the river. Her arms were slight, yet well rounded—her long, thick, black hair hung in heavy masses over her naked breast and shoulders. Her features were European, but her hue was that of the copper-colored tribes on the Essequibo. There she stood, her arrow nigh—fragments of her red mantle floating in the wanton breeze—one foot lightly poised, the other firm and strongly planted, while the body, thrown into graceful curve, swayed with the undulating motion of the arrow-hand.

In their soft language, the Caraboose called her "the lone Carib squaw." It was supposed that she was the offspring of a white man—but since the sorrow that had widowed her heart, she had never spoken to them. She had wandered away from the remnant of her tribe—sometimes appearing at one place, sometimes at another—never living in cabin or lodge—fishing and hunting for herself. The arrow, the blow-pipe, the gun, were all familiar weapons to her. The Indians were afraid of her, and some thought her an evil spirit. Twenty years ago she lost the husband to whom she had but just been wedded by Christian missionaries. But few moons before, the young brave had accidentally killed the son of a chief. As it was well known to have been entirely unpremeditated—for the two youths were firm friends—blood for blood seemed not required—and but for the jealousy of an Indian of the family, who loved Kalweewi—all feuds might have slumbered forever. But on the day succeeding the bridal, the poor young bridegroom was found murdered near his cabin.

Kalweewi's grief was akin to madness. She raved and tore the hair by handfuls from her head. She vowed vengeance—equipped herself with the husband's poisoned arrows, and prepared to fly on her awful mission. But as she neared the entrance of her lodge, she met the body, borne by friendly hands, and she fell beside it, in an agony of grief, threw her arms about the cold form, buried her face in her own dishevelled locks, on the bosom of the dead.

Hour after hour, thus she lay—no soo neared her frame—tearless and terrible was her anguish—until, as lifting her dark eyes, in which the fire of vengeance blazed, she sprang again towards the weapons of destruction—but suddenly recoiled, as she saw a rude cross placed above them—emblem of love and forgiveness.

"Christian child," said a low voice, and the good old priest, with his white, flowing locks, stood beside her.

Her frame shook convulsively, as she bent her body nearly to the floor, resisting the strong desire to dash the sacred emblem from the spot—and her groans, the throes of her wild sorrow, were terrible to hear.

Was it not an impulse more than human, that moved that savage soul to forbearance? The idolized husband of a day, borne bleeding to her home murdered from sheer wanton cruelty, and mad jealousy, and the power of vengeance in her hands; for none would seek to prevent her. Blood for blood! the savage himself resists not, but bares his bosom to the blow.

Yet at the name of Christ—at the sight of that emblem—though made almost a maniac by her agony—still—still she forbore. She dared not touch the cross—she dared not pray—she could not weep—but she listened to the calm accents of the good old priest.

"Christian child, the Christ sees you, he pities you, but when the cruel men thrust the sharp spear in His side, pierced His temples with the jagged thorns, gave Him the bitter gall to drink, He pitied them, and loved them still. He said 'Father forgive them,' and He says to you, now, in His own sweet voice, 'Kalweewi, Christian child, forgive; *I will punish the murderer.*'"

In such a strain as this, spoken in the wild dialect of the woods, the good old priest consoles her, till tears, blessed tears pour down her dusky cheeks, and she begs with sobs that they will let the cross stay on the arrows, *till all her bad heart is gone.*

Since the time that Kalweewi buried her husband, and with her own hands covered up his grave, she has been the lone Carib squaw. No one ventures to speak to her, for the mournfully intense sadness of those deep eyes, pierces the heart. Stronger than usual among savage tribes, was her love for her husband, and she will never forget him. Every time she visits the little mound where he lies buried, she places there some tender memorial of love, and with melancholy pleasure sits there for hours.

Oh! faithful Indian heart! seldom where refinement and beauty go hand in hand is the love of man thus made a sacred, a lasting pleasure. Lone Indian squaw, I reverence thee. I had rather have one glance at that beautiful eye—that tells of faith unto death—than hear a thousand tender speeches from lips whose dew hath no key to the heart. Noble soul! that could thus lay down the armor of thine own hate, and fold over a torn and bleeding spirit the mantle of forgiveness and charity. Christian, indeed, wert thou—stifling the deep throes of hate—to give noble birth to grace. And though no little child twines its arms about thee, lone Indian—though no manly bone, softened to tenderness, calls thee mother, yet there's an arm above—a voice in heaven that lends thee sustaining aid, and whispers in thy nightly watches sweeter tones than those of earthly love. Let me bear thy meek spirit, lone Indian—as in thine, so in my heart, let the presiding genius of forgiveness give to my nature a nobility sublime as thine own.

LABOR IN HONOLULU.—We make the following extract from a paper lately read before the Royal Hawaiian Agricultural Society. Its truth is undoubted. Prince Hilohilo is the author:

"It seems to be generally allowed that throughout the Islands, labor is hard to procure, and a good day's wages is by no means sure to command a good day's work. We are not, however, in the position of many settled countries where labor is scarce, because the laborers are few, and where every available arm is fully exercised from Monday morning to Saturday night. It is on the fact of laboring power being dormant; of good muscle becoming flaccid from inaction, that we must chiefly depend for an answer to the often repeated question, why is labor so hard to procure? The Hawaiians are not naturally fond of labor—the natives of hot countries seldom are—they read in their Bible that labor was imposed as a curse upon fallen Adam, and like other people, when the Scriptures coincide with their prejudices, they believe in them devoutly."

# Foreign Sketches.

## SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

**Vienna Without the Waltz—Volksgarten—Hietzing—Schoenau and the Castle—The Burial.**

After a long silence, I take up my pen, to put myself once more in communication with the readers of the Post. Though absent for many months from the lively Austrian capital, I turn with fondness and pleasure to some of my pleasant haunts there, and feel as if I could fill a column to be more agreeable than by conducting my reader to the spots where the people are to be seen.

I have more than once intimated that the inner city of Vienna is one to assume an attractive one. Along its crooked, narrow avenues, no trees offer their friendly shade, and their still more friendly hints of a life outside of those harsh, cold walls. We will hurry away from the plethoric arteries of commercial life, through the Graben, the great street of shops and shopmen, through the Kohlmarkt, not less busy and still more bustling, and reaching the Josephs Platz, with the nose, beneath the heavy archway leading into the palace yard or Franzensplatz. Still the plain cold walls mock us, and we join the crowd again, and passing the gilly uniformed imperial guard, and through another gloomy arch, we come to the only green spot within the city walls. The broad, open grass sward invites to a roll and a romp with the children scattered upon it; but we are no longer children, we are no longer free. Conventional propriety is a hard master, and we obey. Through the broad-barred gate to the left we catch glimpses of flowers tempting us to a saunter among them. But the gate is shut, and we plebeians must remain outsiders. It is the imperial garden, the only one opposite, typical of the separation between the ruler and the ruled, stands the Volksgarten, the people's garden. The gate ever open by daylight, shows us a pleasant vista of luxuriant trees and smoothly cropped lawn. We enter, for there are few places in or around Vienna more exciting to the stranger, more dear to the citizen. Under the thick shades of its well-trimmed trees hundreds of seats are placed, and at all hours of the day, in spring and summer, the people may be seen sipping their coffee, or enjoying the delicious teas for which Vienna is celebrated. Not unfrequently, too, you may hear the strains of music from one of the many bands, some of which Vienna is proud. Twice in the week, and upon all holidays, the people flock here in unwonted numbers, for the far-famed band of Strauss electrifies the music mad Viennese with the great composer's waltzes, or with favorite pieces from current operas. When the long summer days are over, and the approaching coolness of autumn otherwise drives the people to their houses, or to concert halls, they crowd into the long, low, semi circular building, which serves at once to a concert hall and a coffee house, where, from a rude, box-like stage the handsome hair of the nose, tone, and genius of old John Strauss, commands the hands, brains, and lungs of his three dozen well drilled followers. For three hours the room remains quiet and thronged, coffee, cream, and Cremona, the prime spell keeping the audience together.

But not music alone has its temple in this haunt of the muses. In the centre of the garden stands a modest but neat structure in the Greek style, devoted to the reception of one of the greatest glories which the genius of modern art has ever inspired—Canova's "Theseus killing the Centaur." The subject is not one belonging to the most pleasing class, and in the hands of an inferior artist produces disgust, but the man of genius throws a charm around the terrible and catastrophic, and one lingers long before this magnificent group. I have never seen a human face and form more successfully united than in this man-horse, and as the hero chokes the life out of him, and with spirited club threatens the final, fatal blow, the sentiments of human hate, and brutal, instinctive dread of death, find their perfect portraiture in the half-breathing steeds. The problem proposed to the artist, of representing the intense emotion in the struggling but conscious agonies of death, has been solved without a trace of that over-strained and extravagant action which is common in pieces of this kind. In the clenched hand buried in the arm of his antagonist, in the distorted face, and finely chiselled, inwardly strung limbs of the victorious hero, there is nothing unnatural, nothing exaggerated. The calm power, the hero as he slays the destroyer of his people, beam from those upturned eyes, and speak from the compressed lips and whole figure in every form. Angelo's David is not so full of a grand inspiration, and the celebrated group of John of Bologna, representing the same subject, seems to me less penetrated by the soul of art. This beautiful piece does not stand secluded and unvisited, but at all hours on fine days an admiring group of lookers gathered round it, taking in the lessons which it is the mission of genius to teach us.

But I am wandering away from my subject. Let us return through the garden and to our first stand before the palace gate. If we turn to the left and ascend the pathway between the palace and the imperial garden, we reach the wall of the town, or fortifications, as it is. If it happens to be a clear wintry day, and the orthodox hour, between twelve and two, we shall find plenty of company. The southern half of the wall is the favorite winter promenade of the Viennese, and when the weather is fine, the broad glacis below, and the imposing fronts of the suburbs beyond, form by no means a disagreeable prospect. Still it is the human panoramas before and around us, that will interest us most. On Sunday, after the chief mass is over, the throng is at its height, and no where in Europe is a more motley or polyglott crowd to be seen. Turks, Arabs and Greeks in their picturesque national costumes, jostle the sober German, or the representatives of the dozen different nationalities making up the heterogeneous Austrian Empire. The physiognomist and the ethnologist have a rich and varied field of study in the groups that pass. Not even in America, where so many races seek a home, does one so soon learn to guess the origin of those he meets, as on the promenades of Vienna. The variety of language is quite as striking. Around the nasal and peculiarly intonated language of the citizens, which might almost be called Viennese rather than German, cluster the nervous and musical Magyar, the hissing and croaking Bohemian, with its kindred of the Sclavonic tribe, the sweetly flowing and fascinating Italian, to say nothing of the cosmopolitan French, and the English, sounding to me, with all the roughness like home-music in a strange land. Yet there is something more attractive than peculiarities of language, dress, or race. Gay dames and gallant beaux are displaying their graces of toilet and of person, and those pretty faces, of which the name in Vienna is legion, scatter all sober thoughts, and one feels abundantly cautioned, for the nonce, to be a seeing, not a thinking being.

C. G.

☞ "I can marry any girl I please," said a young fellow, boastingly. "Very true," replied his waggish companion, "for you can't please any."

☞ The fellow who "toed the mark," has since "kicked the bucket."

☞ The Court Journal speaks of a new contrivance called the "Magnetic Page-turner," which enables the performer to turn over the leaves of music without pausing from playing. There will be no use now, in certain cases, for the services of polite young gentlemen.

☞ "What will you leave me in your will?" said a lady to an Irishman. He very coolly answered, "The wide world, my darlint."

☞ Said a pretty woman to a friend of ours a few days since—"Husband has made me a present of the little bill you owe him."

☞ A woman said in a police court, the other day, that before marriage her husband pretended to be much struck with her, but now she was every day struck by him.

☞ Mr. Marsh, our late Minister at Constantinople, says that "foreign Governments look upon us as a bold, bad people, regarding us at the New York Dutchman did the Yankees, with great respect and abhorrence."

☞ At a show down East, the audience were suddenly involved in total darkness by an accidental putting out of the lights. Among the rest, was a newly-married country Jonathan and his pretty bride; and on the same bench—a stranger to both—and a city gentleman who, profiting by the darkness, fell to kissing the bride. She whispered to her husband—"John, John! this 'ere feller's a kissin' on me!" "Tell him 'tain't," said John; for John, it seems probable, stood a little in awe of the philosopher from the city, and found himself, therefore, in a perplexing circumstance. "No, I can't," whispered the bride, "you tell him." "Make him quit!" said John, now getting quite excited. "I don't like to, whispered the bride, "he's a perfect stranger to me!"

☞ There is a locomotive on the Illinois Railroad, so heavy, that its shadow weighs a ton and a half. There is some stoutdepuin in that "moreblance."


# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1854.


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## TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We can not depart from the following terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

| | |
|---|---|
| 4 Copies, - - - - - | $5,00 Per Annum. |
| 8 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,) | $10,00 " |
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AGENTS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the letter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We gladly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, and at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post-Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

A FEW ARREARAGES.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post-Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We have still a few of the Post-Masters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to other influential and respectable persons who will be willing to do so.


## THE ARCTIC.

It seems now that all the crew and passengers of the Arctic might easily have been saved had the French propeller, the Vesta, been only conscious of the Arctic's danger. The captain of the Vesta thinks his vessel could have lived four or five days, if required—time enough to have taken the Arctic's passengers to Halifax, or even to Boston. It is one of the saddest incidents of this deplorable affair, that the peril of the Arctic should never have been known on board the Vesta.

Our own views relative to Captain Luce are fully sustained by the admirable letter of the New York press. If the Arctic had been run backward, which she was prepared for doing, instead of forward, it would have kept her running and afloat probably several hours longer. It seems also that the upper deck could have been cut loose in an hour, so that it would have floated when the hull sank; making a most admirable and reliable raft. Even if this had not been benevolence to another man than to himself; he is bound to set a greater value on the life of others than on his own; and while almost all the sailors and other lustily struggle with each other for the plank which can save but one, we think that if the passenger is on the plank, he will be comparatively inactive, but the sailor who takes it from him, when the danger is so extreme that the only hope is in sacrificing either a sailor or a passenger, is not a natural murderer, and would it not be the hardest of any to sacrifice a passenger in order to save a supernumerary sailor?" The jury found the prisoner guilty of manslaughter, and he was sentenced to six months solitary confinement and hard labor, and to pay in addition a fine of twenty dollars.

This decision applies to an extreme case, but is undeniably correct—though we should be disposed to pardon a sailor for not giving up the floating fragment of a raft to a passenger, and therefore before we had prepared himself with plans for such an imminent occasion! To say that he had, but that the real danger, when it came, cast him into an inactive stupor, is to say that he was not fitted for his responsible post.

A writer in the Richmond Dispatch, gave the following advice to a friend, which, as it saved his life, may, through a greater publicity, save that of others. He says —

It was to put my friend on his guard that I directed him to bear in mind the all important fact, that a leather pillow has a buoyant power fully equal to half a dozen of the life preservers ever invented, and that a common mattress would make a raft amply sufficient to float through any storm. I charged him, in case of being wrecked on a lee shore, to lay his blanket down upon the deck, place his mattress upon it, then tie up his trunk in the same; throw them overboard, and, with his pillow secured around his body, jump after them.

If so turned out that in the course of his voyage, he was wrecked on a lee shore, and, following my directions, by the force of the wind and waves he was driven on shore, where he landed, secured in the manner I have stated, with several thousand dollars in specie, which was in his trunk. He was the only one on board that got safe on shore with anything more than the clothes in which he stood.

In conclusion, I have only to say, that if persons on ship board would recollect that the pillows and beds upon which they sleep, are the best and most reliable kind of life-preservers, there would be a great saving of human lives in cases of collisions and other casualties at sea.

It appears that the life-preservers on the Arctic did, in many cases, more harm than good. Not being tied tight enough, they often slipped down below the waist, and thus plunged the upper part of the person in the water, instead of aiding the natural floating capability of the chest to maintain the head above the waves. We may mention here that the right place for a life-preserver is immediately under the arms—there ought to be loops for the arms to go through by rights, to prevent it from working downwards.

The circumstances connected with the loss of the British steamer Birkenhead, on the coast of Africa, read like a story of chivalry beside the mean and base account of the Arctic's crew. It was not many months since

The steamer struck on a hidden rock, store a plank at the bows, and went to the bottom. we believe in half an hour's time. There was a regiment of troops on board. As soon as the alarm was given, and it became apparent that the ship's fate was sealed, the roll of the drum called the soldiers to arms on the upper deck. That call was promptly obeyed, though every man in that heroic band knew that it was his death summons. There they stood as if in battle array—a motionless mass of brave men—men who were men indeed. The ship every moment was going down and down—but there were no traitors, no deserters, no cravens there. The women and children were got into the boats, and were all, or nearly all saved. There were no boats for the troops—but there was no panic, no blanched, pale, quivering lips among them. Down went the ship, and down went that heroic band, shoulder to shoulder, firing a *feu de joie* as they sunk beneath the waves. Men like those never perish; their bodies may be given to the fishes of the sea, but their memories are, as they ought to be, immortal.

An interesting question has been brought before the public by the loss of the Arctic—whether a sinking vessel, in going down after filling causes a whirlpool above and around her. A writer in the *N. Y. Evening Post* terms the belief a popular chimera, and instances a case within his own experience, where old sailors plunged into the sea to avoid the vortex, while others calmly waited till the vessel arrived at the level of the waves, and then quietly stepped aboard the boats. We notice however that Captain Luce, in his narrative, speaks of being carried down with the vessel to such a depth as seriously to endanger his life; and we confess we were not aware that the idea in question should have obtained so universal a belief, without some foundation in fact. Of course there would naturally be considerable difference in the extent of vortex caused by a comparatively rigid and a very heavy vessel. We should think that a steamship, with her heavy engines, would suck with much more rapidity than a sailing vessel, and that the whirlpool would be in proportion to the rapidity with which the vessel sank. That the whirlpool in the case of the Arctic was not a very widely extended one, we should infer from the fact that those who saw her go down, do not allude to any effect produced upon either boat or raft. For the present therefore we are disposed to conclude, that where there is such a vortex in the case of heavy vessels, or vessels heavily laden with dense and unbuoyant materials, there is probably much exaggeration in the current ideas of sea faring men respecting its extent and danger.

Among the most feasible methods of preserving a vessel from sudden wreck, is the practice of dividing the hold into water-tight compartments. This system exists imperfectly in the storage of the cargo, but in the matter of such important necessity, should it not be carried up to the deck? In the Arctic, the engine and boilers were fastened by a partition—and this even with additions from white-lead, &c., would have been kept from going, and the vessel have kept afloat for many hours, if not for longer. As it was, with the destruction of the engines, and the hurrah but abortive issue on the spar of the Captain, it would have amounted to little more than no many hours additional service—but, in the generality of cases, the certainty that the vessel of the future would possess for two or ten hours, might infuse a little energy and economy even into the breasts of the greatest politicians.

As to the chemical doctrine put forth in one of the New York journals, that the ocean *did* not engage to lay down their lives for people they never saw before—that it was their service and not their lives that they agreed to give for wages—that they obeyed the *natural instinct of self-preservation*, &c."—it needs only to be heard to be despised. That there is a "natural instinct of self-preservation" is very true—but the soldier who obeys that natural instinct on the field of battle, may be shot by his officer as he flies. He may plead in his defence that often quoted and most despicable falsehood, that "self-preservation is the *first* law of nature," but a court martial would inform him by their verdict, that self-preservation is not even the *first* law of brute nature—and that the human being of whose nature it is the first law, taking precedence of all humanity, all patriotism, and all the other forms of Duty to Man and God, is as mean and abject a wretch as to be unfit to live.

As to this particular case of the duty of sailors towards passengers, there is an admirable exposition of the subject on the records of the U. S. Courts. In the case of Holmes, tried in this city some fourteen years ago for manslaughter, for throwing passengers overboard from a boat of the wrecked ship Wm. Brown, in order to lighten the boat and save the lives of the remainder, Judge Baldwin expounded the law as follows:

"We must look not only to the jeopardy in which the parties were placed, but also to the relations in which they stood. A familiar application of this principle presents itself in the obligations which rest upon the owners of wagons, steamboats, and other vehicles of transportation. In consideration of the payment of fare, the owners of the vehicle are bound to transport the passengers to the place of contemplated destination. Having, in all emergencies, the conduct of the journey and the control of the passengers, the owners run under the obligations of skill, and general capacity; and if, from defect of any of these requisites, grievous injury is done to the passenger, the persons employed are liable. The passenger owes no duty but submission; he is under no obligation to protect and keep the conductor in safety, nor is the law imposed upon the latter to take, in cases of emergency, where his services are required by unanticipated and uncommon danger. Such is the relation which exists on shipboard. The passenger stands in a position different from that of the officers and seamen: it is the sailor who must encounter the hardships and perils of the voyage. Nor can this relation be changed when the ship is lost by tempest or other dangers of the sea, and all on board have taken to the boats. Then, still greater is the duty of the sailor, and the burden but obeys the spirit of the Captain, it would have amounted to little more than no many hours additional service—but, in the generality of cases, the certainty that the vessel of the future would possess for two or ten hours, might infuse a little energy and economy even into the breasts of the greatest politicians.

## SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

The story of the discovery of the fate of Sir John Franklin's party, by Dr. Rae, and a band of Esquimaux who have in their possession three spoons, forks, &c., on one of which is said to be engraved Sir John Franklin, K. C. B.; while others have the crests and initials of other individuals belonging to the expedition.

All the expeditions in old and recent Franklin search, have been of the most fruitless character, and the only positive knowledge we have obtained is from the discovery of Dr. Rae, and the articles which he has brought home. The place where his party is said to have perished is about latitude 68, longitude 95, nearly seven degrees south of Wellington Channel, where the last traces of him were discovered four years ago. About that time—the Spring of 1850—Franklin's party were, it is believed, undergoing the most frightful sufferings, ending in absolute starvation. The story is all its awful reality probably never will be told—unless some writing has been left which in the course of time may fall into the hands of civilized men.

We believe that in all, something like twelve expeditions have been fitted out in search of Franklin—the first starting in 1848, three year after Franklin sailed from Shoreness. The whole have cost more than four millions of dollars—a fact proving that if this be in some respects a money loving era, it still is by no means destitute of that high and chivalrous spirit which estimates money but as dross in comparison with the lives of the adventurous and heroic.

But as to the North-West Passage itself, we never could understand why valuable lives should be risked in its discovery—for we never saw what use could be made of such an iceberg, even if it were proven to exist. Now that the meeting of the Eastern and Western parties under Kellett and McClure have proved that there really is such a passage, we are indeed that much the wiser; but not a better off in any business or commercial point of view. For such a practical people as the English to have put so much treasure and life in jeopardy for the solution of a mere geographical puzzle, is something one would not have expected. But the sobered nations, as well as the sobered people, are every now and then disappointing one by some wild and fanciful project, as a kind of natural reaction against their general sobriety.

## THE STATE FAIR.

We have several articles from correspondents relative to the awards at the recent Fair, and have heard many verbal complaints. Thus, in relation to the saddle horses, some good judges expressed themselves very disrespectfully as to the decision of the Fair Judges. But we suppose that the latter were honest in the expression of their opinion—and it should not be imagined that they know so much more than other men, simply because they happen to have been appointed judges.

A Farmer's Wife complains that the committee would not remain long enough to see the operation of his lime spreader—his claim being that his spreader works admirably with damp or wet lime. How much truth there is in this charge we know not.

One of the contributors in another department, however, writes us somewhat more definitely, as follows:—

### SWEDES IRON.

The awards of Committee No. 31 of the late State Fair, are in some respects very ambiguous. They give Mr. Robert Wood five silver medals and three for premiums (which we suppose also silver medals). They state that two of the articles are made of "*Swedes iron*." One of the Committee is, we understand, largely interested in the "Swedes Furnace," and knows, or ought to know, all about the quality of the "Swedes iron," and should have given the premium to the advertised article, the giving of the medal because the goods were made out of Swedes iron, and that the iron was so bad that it showed Mr. Wood's extra merit the more. Mr. Wood's extra merit consisted in getting out of it, or whether the fact of the goods being made of "Swedes iron" was prima facia evidence of the good quality of the article. If there is anything so curious about "Swedes iron" the public ought to know it. We have heard that Mr. Wood uses it very generally. We all understood, on the reading of the Report, that "Swedes iron" had something to do with the medals, but do not understand clearly whether it was large or small. Excuse us for this article.

There was no second premium awarded for a coal cooking stove. No first or second premium awarded for the best ball stove. No first or second premium awarded for the best parlor stove.

All these kinds of articles were either not for competition, but no premiums were awarded according to promise. Probably because Mr. Wood got all the premiums they had to spare. By the way, should not Mr. Wood's medals also have been made out of that exceedingly valuable metal "Swedes iron?"

THE MORMONS.—The official term of Brigham Young, of sixty-wife notoriety, having expired as Governor of Utah, the appointment of a new Governor of that unruly people has devolved upon President Pierce. It is said that he will not reappoint Brigham—a fact which we are glad to learn, for which we have had many reasons for not reappointing that chief of sinners, is the political one that Brigham and his associates have not thought fit to forward copies of their Territorial laws, or accounted for their expenditures of the public appropriations, for the last two years. The Secretary of the Territory, A. W. Babbitt, formerly delegate in Congress, has gone East, will direct affairs until the further action of the President.

As the government of any Anti-Mormon authority would have to be supported by a military force, perhaps it is just as well at present to let Utah go without a Governor. As time rolls on, however, the question will have to be met, and the Mormon rule and abominations put down. Should it be the fate of some of the future of the model, the different parts were intrusted to different hands, for the sake of preserving the secret, and that one part was intrusted to an unfortunate machinist in Belgium. The latter was pounced upon by the police, on the charge of constructing an infernal machine, and there he languished. The poor man's story told his story, which was confirmed by his American employer and by the American Consul, and the facts communicated to the American legation at Brussels. Our consul, Mr. Sieblel, was not at home, and the poor mechanic remained in his cell. His wife upon this went to the American minister, to urge him, by the influences in this respect, nearly all the women in the country are natural and implacable enemies of the Utah doctrines and practices—and they would use all their immense influence to prevent the admission of a State into the Union which sanctioned a system so degrading to the sex, and based upon such a low idea of woman's comparative weight and importance in the scale of creation.

OUTRAGEOUS AND BRUTAL AFFAIR.—The assault upon the Roman Catholic priest, of Ellsworth, Maine, appears to have been an outrage of the most brutal character. In consequence of a law-suit growing out of the school question, Priest Bapst had been forbidden the town by the vote of a town-meeting. Upon his returning, he was taken out of the house of one of his friends, from the cellar where he had secreted himself, and afterwards stripped naked, and then tarred and feathered. He was also subjected to other personal indignities of an indecent character, and robbed of fifty dollars, which were in his wallet. In conclusion his Swedish tormentors gave him fifteen the cents in addition to the fare to get home back to his friend's house, and the next day performed morning and evening service in the chapel at Ellsworth. Mr. Bapst is said to be a native of Switzerland, possessing a cultivated mind, and of unquestioned personal habits and morals.

It is only fair towards the authorities of Ellsworth, to add that the Sheriff, with a party of assistants, endeavored to rescue Mr. Bapst from the hands of his brutal assailants, but were not able to find him. We trust that the individuals concerned in this villainous transaction, will be made to feel the utmost penalty of the law. They are a disgrace not only to the name of Americans, but to the name of men.

MONSEY GENTLEMEN.—It is stated, we know not on how reliable authority, that some of the Western chiefs have informed the Indian Agent, Major Fitzpatrick, that next year they want a thousand white squaws, and the remainder of their annuities in cash, and that nothing else will be received. This speaks well both for the modesty and the discrimination of those redskinned gentry. We fear, however, that they will have to be disappointed. The Indian manner of doing the agreeable to women, by treating them to all drudgery, is probably not very captivating to the imaginations of the generality of white squaws. If the Indians out West were formed on the model of some imaginary heroes that we find pictured in Cooper's novels, the whole thousand of white squaws might readily be obtained by application to the various female boarding schools. But we fear that in this age of newspaper readers, not many young girls seriously believe that Uncasses are often to be met with upon the Western prairies.

POTATOES.—The potato crop is said to be a reasonably large, and very excellent one. From the New England States the report is generally very favorable—the crop being free from disease, and of excellent quality. In various places in Massachusetts and Vermont, potatoes are selling at railroad stations for 25, 31½, 37½ and 42 cents a bushel.

THE CROPS.—The Louisville Courier says that the Canawa returns four cattle dealers and four horse dealers as being the whole number engaged in these occupations in the State of Kentucky!

## THE LOST HEIRESS.

Having expressed upon many occasions as high an opinion of the merits of this recently published work, from Southworth's, and of the author's genius in general, we are greatly gratified to see our judgment confirmed by the verdict of our contemporaries. The kind of success that our brethren of the press are giving of the Lost Heiress, is the most gratifying one to the author, and he may be pardoned from this fact in saying so.

We consider Miss Southworth as the most powerful delineator of human passion, the most brilliant and graphic in her pictures of real life, of any of our female writers. "The Lost Heiress," which is decidedly the best of all her works, has been retouched and finished in an elaborate manner, until now it stands forth beautiful in all its proportions, and while conveying an impressive, excellent moral, at the same time possesses throughout a degree of exciting and absorbing interest rarely if ever excelled. The book has been published in a handsome style, with a fine portrait of Mrs. S., with a fac-simile of her autograph, and a view of her own cottage home, on the beautiful and picturesque banks of the Potomac. The strong and earnest welcome by which "The Lost Heiress" is greeted by the press, gives evidence of an appreciation of its merits that must be highly gratifying to the publisher, as well as the lady herself, whose touching personal history abounds with thrilling incidents, that, if known, would impart a still deeper sentiment of interest to the rich and beautiful creations of her genius.—*Saturday Courier, Oct. 7th, 1854.*

This new story, by Mrs. Southworth, has been issued in a handsome style. She is one of the most original and talented of the living female writers, and the interest of the present story, with the genius exhibited in its composition, will recommend it to a large class of readers. The characters are very strongly marked, and the plot well developed.—*Phila. Public Ledger, Oct. 4th, 1854.*

It is one of the greatest novels of the age.—Mrs. Southworth is considered to be the most authoress in this country. Her style is so forcible, and her plots so intensely exciting, that when we take up one of her productions, it seems totally to enchain us. Her last work, the one before us, "The Lost Heiress," is her master-piece, and the sale it is having is almost unprecedented in the annals of literature.—*New York Evening Mirror, Oct. 4th, 1854.*

Mrs. Southworth has, by her admirable works of fiction, gained hosts of admirers everywhere. We have read "The Lost Heiress," and have no hesitation in saying that we regard it as the best of this talented lady's productions. With a brilliant and piquant style, she combines great originality and graphic powers of description, of scenery and character, which lend a charm to her writings of the most attractive kind. We can safely promise to our readers a rich treat in the perusal of this work.—*Baltimore Despatch, Oct. 7th, 1854.*

"The Lost Heiress" is by that justly popular American authoress, Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. The fairy, the witch, the terror and originality of her conceptions, her graphic delineations of character, and the pure moral tone which pervades all her works, has obtained a high position among the authors of our country, and her hosts of admirers will find all the brilliancy and interest which characterize her previous productions, and which have so attracted and charmed us in "The Lost Heiress." Indeed, the press everywhere proclaim it the best of her works.—*Saturday Courier, Oct. 4th, 1854.*

Have you read Mrs. Southworth's new work —"The Lost Heiress?" If not, get it at once, for it is the most charming book published for many months. Its success is certain.—*Pittsburg Daily Union, Oct. 7th, 1854.*

Ladies! lovers! coquettes! get it at once! The second edition of "The Lost Heiress," by Mrs. Southworth, is published this morning. Send and get it, for it is the most love of a book ever printed in the world. All recommend it, and none can stop reading it, after begun, till it is finished. It is the most extraordinary work issued for years.—*Pittsburg Daily Morning Post, Oct. 7th 1854.*

We have just read "The Lost Heiress" with much interest. It is a very exciting work. The principal part of the scene is laid at Annapolis, and in other parts of Maryland, and the incidents follow fast, and are natural. The book is well defined, but the most important merit of the gifted authoress is in her well-defined and developed characters. They stand out in bold relief from the canvas, individual existences, not to be mistaken for any other. That of Gov. Hunter is one of the best characters we have ever seen portrayed since the pen of Sir Walter Scott lay quietly beside the inkstand. It possesses fine traits. The moral is good, and the whole tone of the book unexceptionable. After doing so curious about "Swedes iron" the public ought to know it. We have heard that Mr. Wood uses it very generally. We all understood, on the reading of the Report, that "Swedes iron" had something to do with the medals, but do not understand clearly whether it was large or small. Excuse us for this article.

There was no second premium awarded for a coal cooking stove. No first or second premium awarded for the best ball stove. No first or second premium awarded for the best parlor stove.

All these kinds of articles were either not for competition, but no premiums were awarded according to promise. Probably because Mr. Wood got all the premiums they had to spare. By the way, should not Mr. Wood's medals also have been made out of that exceedingly valuable metal "Swedes iron?"

THE MORMONS.—The official term of Brigham Young, of sixty-wife notoriety, having expired as Governor of Utah, the appointment of a new Governor of that unruly people has devolved upon President Pierce. It is said that he will not reappoint Brigham—a fact which we are glad to learn, for which we have had many reasons for not reappointing that chief of sinners, is the political one that Brigham and his associates have not thought fit to forward copies of their Territorial laws, or accounted for their expenditures of the public appropriations, for the last two years. The Secretary of the Territory, A. W. Babbitt, formerly delegate in Congress, has gone East, will direct affairs until the further action of the President.

As the government of any Anti-Mormon authority would have to be supported by a military force, perhaps it is just as well at present to let Utah go without a Governor. As time rolls on, however, the question will have to be met, and the Mormon rule and abominations put down. Should it be the fate of some of the future of the model, the different parts were intrusted to different hands, for the sake of preserving the secret, and that one part was intrusted to an unfortunate machinist in Belgium. The latter was pounced upon by the police, on the charge of constructing an infernal machine, and there he languished. The poor man's story told his story, which was confirmed by his American employer and by the American Consul, and the facts communicated to the American legation at Brussels. Our consul, Mr. Sieblel, was not at home, and the poor mechanic remained in his cell. His wife upon this went to the American minister, to urge him, by the influences in this respect, nearly all the women in the country are natural and implacable enemies of the Utah doctrines and practices—and they would use all their immense influence to prevent the admission of a State into the Union which sanctioned a system so degrading to the sex, and based upon such a low idea of woman's comparative weight and importance in the scale of creation.

OUTRAGEOUS AND BRUTAL AFFAIR.—The assault upon the Roman Catholic priest, of Ellsworth, Maine, appears to have been an outrage of the most brutal character. In consequence of a law-suit growing out of the school question, Priest Bapst had been forbidden the town by the vote of a town-meeting. Upon his returning, he was taken out of the house of one of his friends, from the cellar where he had secreted himself, and afterwards stripped naked, and then tarred and feathered. He was also subjected to other personal indignities of an indecent character, and robbed of fifty dollars, which were in his wallet. In conclusion his Swedish tormentors gave him fifteen the cents in addition to the fare to get home back to his friend's house, and the next day performed morning and evening service in the chapel at Ellsworth. Mr. Bapst is said to be a native of Switzerland, possessing a cultivated mind, and of unquestioned personal habits and morals.

It is only fair towards the authorities of Ellsworth, to add that the Sheriff, with a party of assistants, endeavored to rescue Mr. Bapst from the hands of his brutal assailants, but were not able to find him. We trust that the individuals concerned in this villainous transaction, will be made to feel the utmost penalty of the law. They are a disgrace not only to the name of Americans, but to the name of men.

MONSEY GENTLEMEN.—It is stated, we know not on how reliable authority, that some of the Western chiefs have informed the Indian Agent, Major Fitzpatrick, that next year they want a thousand white squaws, and the remainder of their annuities in cash, and that nothing else will be received. This speaks well both for the modesty and the discrimination of those redskinned gentry. We fear, however, that they will have to be disappointed. The Indian manner of doing the agreeable to women, by treating them to all drudgery, is probably not very captivating to the imaginations of the generality of white squaws. If the Indians out West were formed on the model of some imaginary heroes that we find pictured in Cooper's novels, the whole thousand of white squaws might readily be obtained by application to the various female boarding schools. But we fear that in this age of newspaper readers, not many young girls seriously believe that Uncasses are often to be met with upon the Western prairies.

POTATOES.—The potato crop is said to be a reasonably large, and very excellent one. From the New England States the report is generally very favorable—the crop being free from disease, and of excellent quality. In various places in Massachusetts and Vermont, potatoes are selling at railroad stations for 25, 31½, 37½ and 42 cents a bushel.

THE CROPS.—The Louisville Courier says that the Canawa returns four cattle dealers and four horse dealers as being the whole number engaged in these occupations in the State of Kentucky!

## LECTURING.

We understand that Emerson Bennett is about to deliver a lecture at Sansom Street Hall, on "The Beauties of Poetry," and also that he proposes commencing a lecturing tour, visiting the different towns and cities throughout the country. If any of our friends at a distance desire a course of lectures on literary subjects, by addressing Mr. Bennett, at Philadelphia, no doubt a satisfactory arrangement could be effected.

DR. OLDS DEFEATED.—We think the press, without regard to politics, will be especially pleased to hear of the defeat of Dr. Olds, the Chairman of the Post-Office Committee, who was so pertinacious in his endeavors to raise the rates of postage. Notwithstanding the overflowing treasury, this Olds seemed to grudge to the people the million or two necessary to meet the deficit in the Post-Office Department, caused by excessive payments to favorite contractors, to the proprietors of ocean steamships, &c. We are very much obliged to the people of Mr. Olds' Congressional district, for thus giving him leave to stay at home—a place which he ought never to have quitted. Olds doubtless had a natural enmity against letters and the press—as things that he could not understand, and which ought to be put down." But he is not to be put down. Immediately and we will not be so unmerciful as to exult over him, as we might if he had succeeded in his mischievous endeavors. We trust Olds will now acknowledge his fault, and endeavor to atone for it through the rest of his life, by subscribing for as many newspapers—both daily and weekly—as his income will allow. If he does this, we shall refrain from recording over his natural grave what we here inscribe over his political sepulchre: THIS IS THE MAN WHO RAISED TO RAISE THE RATES OF POSTAGE!

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## A SINGULAR STORY.

A story has been going the rounds of late, which we have hitherto thought best not to insert, but seeing no denial of it, we give it to our readers. The story goes that an American citizen went to London, to take out a patent for some new invention. To get the machine in nature of the model, the different parts were intrusted to different hands, for the sake of preserving the secret, and that one part was intrusted to an unfortunate machinist in Belgium. The latter was pounced upon by the police, on the charge of constructing an infernal machine, and there he languished. The poor man's story told his story, which was confirmed by his American employer and by the American Consul, and the facts communicated to the American legation at Brussels. Our consul, Mr. Sieblel, was not at home, and the poor mechanic remained in his cell. His wife upon this went to the American minister, to urge him, by the influences in this respect, nearly all the women in the country are natural and implacable enemies of the Utah doctrines and practices—and they would use all their immense influence to prevent the admission of a State into the Union which sanctioned a system so degrading to the sex, and based upon such a low idea of woman's comparative weight and importance in the scale of creation.

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# New Publications.

THE SCIENCE OF AESTHETIC LOVEMAKING. By T. ADDISON RICHARDSON, M. D. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Price 25 cents. Published by Lovers in Alley, New York.

The publication of this charming book is not only a skillful and judicious painter, but he is also a powerful word-painter. He takes a brief glimpse at the varying characteristics of the inhabit

# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1854.


# General News.

## WRECK OF THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA.

### DETAILED NARRATIVE.

The loss of two such noble vessels as the City of Philadelphia and the Arctic, in the same locality, and within so short a period of each other, has naturally awakened deep interest as to the cause of such disastrous calamities. Of the wreck of the former vessel, no succinct or satisfactory account has yet fallen under our observation; but the Boston Traveller has been favored by a gentleman who was a passenger, with the following narrative of the occurrence. He says:

"Our ship, the City of Philadelphia, was an iron boat, on the screw principle, of 2,154 tons burthen, 300 feet in length, and of beautiful model. This was her first trip, and she was placed for the voyage under the command of Capt. Leitch, a gentleman enjoying a very high character for nautical ability, and who has or had the entire confidence of the company. We left Liverpool for Philadelphia on the 30th of August, with nearly 600 passengers on board, about one-third of whom were German emigrants, who had been waiting about six weeks in Liverpool for her departure. She should have taken her berth on the 16th of the month, but on her passage from the Clyde was forced to put back, owing to her bearings getting hot, and on her second departure she got aground in the Clyde,—ominous circumstances both,—but she was got off, and finally took her berth in Liverpool, and began to load her cargo. I have seen it stated that was of great value (estimated at £60,000) but doubt the statement, for she had only a day and a half to load in, and she hauled out of the dock, leaving the City of Manchester, which was to sail in a week afterwards to bring a great bulk of the goods rolled upon the quay.

"We were blessed with pretty fair weather from the commencement, and for several days crowded all sail. The new steamer proved herself a fine steamboat, and up to the period of the catastrophe accomplished the very splendid average speed, as computed, of about 240 miles a day. We had to stay once or twice to let the bearings of the engine cool; but all was going merry as a marriage bell till midnight of the eighth day out, the 7th of the month, when she was within about three and a half days sail of the port of her destination. It had struck nearly all the passengers, however, that we had been steering apparently very much too far to the northward.

"The day preceding the disaster the wind had lulled, and we were proceeding with but little sail hoisted, but full steam power, at the rate of ten or eleven knots an hour. The night was misty, a sort of shifting fog, dense perhaps, for a minute, and then clearing off and gathering again. The passengers had been singing each evening, but that night there had been more than usual of melodious merriment, springing, perhaps, from the cessation of sea-sickness, and the anticipated speedy termination of the voyage. About one third of the passengers were sitting up, the other having but shortly before retired to their rest, when, in the second mate's watch, the ship was shaken, broken, it almost appeared, by a tremendous bump upon the bow. This extinguished song, awakened the sleepers, and the blow being repeated in a very heavy, grinding, and unpleasant form, the females present began to utter a cry of indefinite alarm and apprehension, which ended in a shriek. The excitement was heightened by the hurried rush down the companion-way of several gentlemen who had been on deck, and who, half clothing themselves hastily, and taking money or other valuables out of their trunks, told those of us who had been sleeping, in a portentous whisper, that they were afraid it was all over; *we had struck upon a rock.*

"'Oh, then and there was hurrying to and fro;' and the deck was speedily crowded by the confused and excited mass, each eagerly inquiring from his neighbor, as ignorant as himself, the probabilities of our being lost or saved. The look-out was truly frightful. The ship lay cradled and heaving between two large ugly black rocks, her bow on, but stern in the water. She did not appear at all to relish her position, and destruction appeared imminent, when the Captain (happy thought!) gave instructions to 'back her.' All watched with breathless anxiety, the doubtful power of the engines, but the attempt was fortunately successful, and our ship was afloat again. But where were we? We had struck, as we afterwards learned, on some rocks lying off Cape Race, but we do not believe that even the officers knew in what locality we were. As the fog shifted, we could discern other rocks ahead, principally by the white foam that circled their base. Where were we to go? There was the rub. And must we not have sustained, even through the vessel's iron ribs, some very heavy leaks? We had indeed. She was backed slowly, whilst an examination was made, which went to show that the water was rushing like a torrent into the fore part of the hold. Preparations were made for lowering the boats, and the Captain and officers were silent to all the queries of the passengers, who, in consequence, augured the worst.

"As many passengers as could be mustered, (but they were not many, as each was seeking some means of individual self-preservation,) were set to the pumps, and the engine pumps were kept going, but they were next to useless, and the water visibly gained ahead. It was idle to think of stuffing such huge jagged holes as were discovered forward, and to put to sea would be to sink before shelter or assistance could be found. Under these circumstances, Captain Leitch did the best which could be done, and duly appreciating the responsibility of having so many lives placed in his hands, concentrated with coolness all his efforts towards their preservation. He ordered the vessel to be moved on again slowly, resolved evidently to ground her, if shelter could at all be found. We crept our way up again, in consequence to the neighborhood of the seat of danger. We were evidently at the entrance of a bay, which proved afterwards to be Chance Cove, the only shelter, we are told, for so large a vessel, which we could have found, on either side, for a distance of sixty miles, on that dangerous and rock-bound coast. Land was reported first on the larboard, then on the starboard bow, and finally ahead, but such land it appeared! nothing but a mass of dark frowning rocks, which the passengers, in their affrighted state, thought not at all unlikely to be covered at high water by the sea.

"The rest of the narrative is brief. We made our way up the Cove, striking some small sunken rock occasionally, evoking a slight shriek from the women, and a slight shiver from some of the men, but still, on the whole, the passengers behaved with admirable firmness. The vessel at length settled down in about 17 feet of water, on a half sandy, half-rocky bottom, about 300 yards from the shore. She grounded exactly at the right time, for the water at that very instant, had risen to the height of putting out her engine fires. The night was calm, and we could not, under sail, have gone any further; but this was but one of the many providential circumstances that accompanied our wreck.

"As we have stated, some time before the boats had been got ready for slinging down, but it is with the best appliance a clumsy operation, and your Humane Societies could not do better than offer a premium for some invention that will expedite an operation on the speed and safety of which in such dreadful emergencies so many precious lives depend. A boat was sent to explore the beach, the crew of which hung up a lantern on a safe landing place that had been found, and by Capt. Leitch's orders, which were cheerfully acquiesced in, the women and children were first put ashore. A huge camp fire was soon lighted on the beach, around which the poor creatures, many in a half-dressed state, but with blankets around their shoulders, congregated in a state of great discomfort, but with thankful hearts. Fortunately not a life was lost.

"A word, however, before closing this, as to the cause of the accident. That, of course, is a question for nautical men only to decide, but we have spoken with many since the occurrence, all of whom have expressed their surprise that we should have got so far out of our course. First of all, we are afraid that this being the vessel's first trip, there was too great an anxiety to give her a character for speed. It is a common but questionable practice for the steamers bound from Europe to the American continent to sight Cape Race, and keep a Northerly course, despite the well-known dangers of the Banks, for the pitiful advantage of the few hours' headway to be gained by the currents and winds to be met with on the Newfoundland coast.

"Capt. Leitch obtained an observation of the sun each day from leaving Liverpool, except that before the disaster, when the weather was too hazy to admit of it. The writer of this asked him a few days after the wreck, his theory as to the cause of the disaster, but he professed himself perfectly at a loss to account for it. He stated that his chronometer was right, and he never in his life was more satisfied than he was that evening, as to the correctness of his course. The ship was of iron, and one probable cause may have been the variation of her compasses; but perhaps the most likely is that the ship, new and untried, ran at a greater speed than the log, too sparingly heaved, served to indicate, and like the Great Britain, she literally slipped out of her navigator's hands.

"One matter deserves public notice. There is a light-house on Cape Race, but it shows no light, and has not done so for the last year or two. Why such a dangerous headland should be without such a beacon the proper authorities should explain."

CHANGE IN BRITISH LAW.—A change in the British law with respect to trials will commence from and after the 24th of October, when the common procedure act will come into operation. It is provided that a judge, by consent, may try questions of fact without a jury, provided the court upon a rule to show cause, or a judge, shall think fit to allow such trial, and the verdict of the judge is to be the same verdict of the jury, save that it shall not be questioned on the ground of being against the weight of evidence, and the proceedings upon and after such trial, as to the power of the judge, the evidence and otherwise, shall be the same as in a trial by jury.

Mr. Godard, an æronaut, ascended from New York, on Monday week, in a balloon, and was carried by a violent gale seven miles in five minutes, when he brought it time to descend.

Robert Schuyler, of "over issue" notoriety, is said to be flourishing in Paris.

## A GOOD HIT.

In New York the business men are burlesquing each other. Some house sent out by the *Asia* a very singular and prejudiced circular with reference to some staple. 'Turveydrop & Brother' have turned *their* circular, which will be found below touching the expected "persimon crop." It contains some genuine satire, with its very ludicrous and entirely contradictory statements. It is doubtless well understood by those whom it concerns, and will afford much merriment:

TURVEYDROP & BROTHER'S CIRCULAR, PER ASIA.

PERSIMONS.—The season having arrived when it is our usual custom to enlighten the public generally upon the growing crop of persimons, we beg leave to offer the following as the most reliable information we have been able to procure in relation to this most important crop. The home demand, which is usually active at this period of the season is cut off by the prevalence of the cholera and other causes, dry weather, &c.; and the export inquiry is of course checked by the unfavorable tenor of the foreign advices. It is difficult to account for the depressed condition of the Liverpool persimon market at the last dates, if the monetary prospects so brilliantly set forth are reliable. An impression prevailed on the "flags" that the growing crop would be very large, the latter, of course, as they were advised that a persimon or two of the new crop, from some grower anxious for the distinction of having marketed the first persimon, had reached the ports, and consequently that there would be no period of light imports during the fall months. The crop prospects, to judge from the annexed extracts, are not quite so brilliant as advised a month since. The receipts of persimons are light everywhere, and the prevalence of the cholera (for which persimons are not an antidote) will delay consumption until a late period. These facts are well understood on this side, and tend to sustain prices, even in the absence of any home or foreign demand, one or two cents per quart above Liverpool prices. The stock in the hands of hucksters is, however, large, but is held firmly; at the same time, if holders wished to realize, they would be compelled to sell at prices upon a parity with foreign markets, say nine cents per quart for strictly sold persimons, now held at our quotations of 9½ cents. In regard to the growing crop, while we do not wish to be understood as advising a short crop, (which we most certainly do,) we confirm fully our views previously given, carefully revised from our Southern and Western friends, that the weather must be very favorable for the next two months to make a full average crop—say 3 100,000 quarts. We annex a few extracts: A large Missouri planter writes thus, under date of August 29: "I have 1,200 acres in persimons; my overseer says there is no prospect now of making a single persimon, as the trees are all dried up and withered, and besides have been dead two years." Another from Texas, 27th August, says: "If fire was set to my trees it would burn them up." Another planter writes: "The planters in this section say the crop will not be worth gathering." From Humberg, Georgia, a friend writes under date of 1st September: "The prospect for the crop in the State was never good, and this year, if the present weather lasts, the picking could be made in thirty hours." Another leading planter in Simonville, Fla., says: "The look which was thought a month ago to be good for an abundant crop is now bad enough, and the chances are now against making as much as last year, when none was made." From a leading house in Persimon City, N. C., we are informed that accounts from all sections represent the crop as ruined by drought, too much rain, extremes of heat and cold; and what is left will be destroyed by the caterpillar, army and persimon worm. We could multiply extracts, which are all of one character, that come to us, but the above will suffice. Taking into consideration the truth of the foregoing, we cannot see but that a large advance must shortly take place in this staple, and we advise our friends to secure an interest early.

## NEWS ITEMS.

Six majestic elm trees, in front of a dwelling in Marlborough, Mass., have been insured by their owners in the sum of five hundred dollars, against loss by lightning or fire.

The Russian ship which took refuge some time ago in the Atlantic dock basin, New York, has been libelled for the value of provisions put on board of her at Liverpool. The captain cannot communicate with the owners in Russia, and don't know what to do. Even were the vessel offered for sale, it is doubtful whether a purchaser could be found.

Among the ladies who have achieved the ascension of Mont Blanc the past season, was a Frenchwoman, who, after reaching the summit, caused herself to be lifted upon the shoulders of her guides so that she might be able to boast of having been higher than any man in Europe.

The San Diego Herald publishes the following, written upon a young man who was accidentally shot:

"here lies the body of Jeems Hambrick
who was accidentally shot
on the bank of the pacus river
by a young man
he was accidentally shot with one of the large Colt's revolver with no stopper for the cock to rest on it was one of the old fashion kind brass mounted and of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Mr. Wm. W. Story, son of the late Justice Story, now in Italy, has finished a statue of his father, on which he has been for some time engaged. The statue has been shipped from Italy for America. It has been pronounced by judges who have seen it to be a perfect work of art.

The Chattanooga (Tenn.) Advertiser says L. Bordett, a stage driver, was arraigned before a magistrate in Nashville, a few days ago, on a charge of forsaking his own wife, and running off with the wife of Mr. Hunt, of Gallatin. With the hope of easily getting out of the difficulty, he pleaded guilty to the charge; but circumstances tending to the belief that he had robbed a *mail*, besides stealing a *female*, he was committed to jail in default of $2,000 security.

A lady advertises in the London Times for the address of another lady, with whom she was at school more than twenty years ago, that she may return to her old school-fellow the half crown which she stole from the school-room, and the sin of which burthens her conscience.

A lady of Charleston was suddenly taken ill recently. She had been engaged in preserving tomatoes in a copper or bell metal kettle, and partook of a small quantity of the fruit. A short time after she became distressingly dizzy and alarmingly ill. The verdigris from the metal doubtless caused the attack. An active emetic was given the sufferer, and the white of eggs administered, which happily effected speedy relief. Only foolish people use metal vessels of this kind.

Theodore S. Fay, United States Minister in Switzerland, has asked leave to visit New York in the ensuing spring. Mr. Fay has been abroad in a diplomatic capacity nearly twenty years.

The following are some of the items of the trade of Boston with the Mediterranean, during the year ending Sept. 1st, 1854: Lemons, 46,000 boxes; oranges, 74,000 do; figs, 143,000 drums; usual import, 300,000 do.; 3,800 cases do.; raisins, 8 000 casks; usual import, 20,000 do.; 158,000 boxes do; olive oil, 12,707 baskets, 412 casks; rags, 25,000 bales; sumac, 28,000 bags; wool 22,370 bales.

Recent letters from England mention that Samuel Rogers, who is now over 92 years old, appears to have regained much of his strength, and may be seen taking a carriage airing in Regent's Park every fine day.

Recently, Mrs. Lindley, the wife of David Lindley, who had been ten years his wife, and borne him seven children, all of whom were deceased, came to California to join him, were he was at work as an honest carpenter, and had sent for her, but upon arrival, for some unaccountable reason, she coolly told him that she had not come to live with him, but merely to take advantage of the law, and apply for a divorce. The result was a choking that Mr. Lindley gave his spouse, and a prosecution of that honest carpenter for an assault, which the Recorder dismissed.

A foreign paper of recent date, tells us that some workmen lately discovered in the state of Eggbuhl, near Zurich, belonging to Major Veegelt, a bronze mortar, bearing the initials of George II. of England, and having on it the following inscription in French: "Given to the royal regiment of Auvergne by General Washington, after the capture of the redoubts of Yorktown, in Virginia, Oct. 19, 1781." The regiment of Auvergne formed part of the troops commanded by General Lafayette, and it contained a considerable number of Swiss, very few of whom ever returned to their country. It is probable that one of these buried it for security before the battle fought between Massena and Korsakow.

Daniel Chandler, of Concord, N. H., has been *sentenced to the State Prison for life*, on conviction of having altered a switch, which caused a train of cars to be thrown from the track of the Concord Railroad.

A filibuster party, organized at Louisville for some time, has been publicly announced by a card in the newspapers, as disbanded.

The object that attracted the most attention at the late Horticultural Exhibition in Boston, was a miniature peach tree, about two feet in height, growing in a pot, and laden with the delicious fruit.

A Madrid correspondent, describing the interest the poorer classes take in a bull-fight, says that a week or two ago, a man actually cut off his wife's hair while she was asleep, and sold it, in order to raise money for the purpose of seeing the fight.

Wm. Webster, as overseer on Col. Sothoron's plantation, in Charles county, Maryland, was shot dead recently, by one of the negroes under his charge.

A Wheeling (Va.) paper says, the first snow of the season fell there on the 6th inst.

On Saturday night week, two fellows were arrested in Boston, on the complaint of Michael Riley, for assault, stealing weights from his store, and *destroying his peace of mind*, for which, no doubt, he gave them "a piece of his mind,"—and hence the assault. They were held to bail.

At the burning of the theatre in Boulogne, the Emperor Napoleon, who happened to be in the vicinity, hastened to the spot, and for two hours directed the proceedings to stay the conflagration.

A gentleman residing in the neighborhood of Cork, on walking one Sunday evening, met a young peasant girl, whose parents lived near his house. "What are you doing, Jenny?" he said. "Looking for a son-in-law for my mother, sir," was the smart reply.

Rev. Dr. Magoon, of New York, had taken passage by the Arctic, but afterwards concluded to await the sailing of the next steamer, and was thus saved from the fate of so many others.

A correspondent of the Salem Register recommends, as the price of butter is so high, the use of apples, either prepared by the baking or stewing process. The suggestion has not only the merit of economy, but of health. Apples, prepared in this manner, are far better than butter, unless fresh and of a superior quality.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

### SEBASTOPOL NOT TAKEN!

By the Africa, at New York, we have Liverpool dates to Oct 7.

Sebastopol is not taken; the reported destruction of the Russian fleet is false. No explosion of Fort Constantine has taken place, and Menchikoff has not surrendered. Omar Pasha's despatch proved to have been a forgery. The fighting in the Crimea continues uninterrupted, and Sebastopol is formally invested. A great sensation has been created throughout Europe by the contradiction of what all had hoped to be correct.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Sept. 30th, 9 o'clock, P. M. The allied armies established the base of their operations on Balaklava, on the morning the 29th, and were preparing to march without delay on Sebastopol. The Agamemnon, and other vessels of war, are at Balaklava, where the battering trains are being disembarked. It is stated that Menchikoff is in the field with 20,000 men, expecting reinforcements. Anapa has been burned by the Russians. Balaklava, which is occupied by the allies, commands the approaches to Sebastopol, which is considered to be invested. It is doubtfully rumored that the second line of defences has been carried.—The garrison of Anapa is marching to the scene of action. The French Ambassador at Vienna has telegraphed to the Minister of Foreign Affairs on the 4th inst., that the intelligence of Omar Pacha was but an exaggeration of the battle of Alma. The Austrian Consul at Odessa telegraphs that the struggle recommenced on the 25th, and was continued. When the courier left, on the 27th, the allies were on the route to Baaltak, and were within ten miles of Sebastopol on the 27th.

MARSEILLES, Friday, Oct. 6.—The steamer Fury has arrived here from Constantinople, with Lord Burghers, bearer of despatches to the English Government. Sebastopol was invested on the 27th, and the second line of defence carried, when the city was entirely surrounded. Constantinople was illuminated in honor of the battle of Alma.

The Moniteur announces that the allies have made Balaklera, a place of some importance as a point from which the armies can communicate with the fleets. A safe road leads from it to Sebastopol. Menschikoff had been driven to a distance with the wreck of his army.

Generals Osten Sacken and Luders have entered Crimea with 40 battalions.

In the battle of Alma, 3,000 prisoners were taken from the Russians.

The Russian forces are now shut up in Sebastopol, and would be attacked by sea and land.

A private despatch says that the English loss at the battle on the Alma was close on 2,000 men; that of the French was but 1,400, but General Bonet was killed. The Russians numbered 40,000 men and 100 cannon.

Letters from Vienna, Oct. 2nd, state, reliably, that the reserves of the allies were not brought into action. The English on the left wing, the Turks in the centre, and the French on the right wing, did their work so well, that the Russians never had a chance. The news that the English were at first repulsed, is not confirmed. At first, the retreat of the Russians was in good order; but as soon as the heavy artillery of the fleet (quere?) began to play upon them, they fled precipitately. Menchikoff was chased by some chasseurs, and only escaped by the fleetness of his horse. The Russian loss is variously estimated at 6,000 to 10,000—the former being probably the more correct. Early in the day, Menchikoff had but 25,000 in his entrenched camp on the Alma; but having learned by his scouts that the allies were in such force, he brought up 15,000 more from Sebastopol. A large number of Poles deserted to the allies. The French loss was 1,400 men and 60 officers. The English lost 1,895 rank and file, 96 officers, 114 sergeants, and 23 drummers, killed and wounded. Both Marshal St. Arnaud and Lord Raglan issued orders of the day, praising the conduct of the troops under their command. St. Arnaud informed his men that he expected to lead them as conquerors into Sebastopol on the 3rd of October, the anniversary of the declaration of war. The Cunard steamer Andes conveyed 300 of the wounded to Constantinople, and the Vulcan steamer 320. The 7th, 23rd, and 33rd (British) regiments suffered most.

SPAIN.—Letters from Madrid, of Oct. 1st, state that disturbances had broken out at Malaga, Logrono, and Jaen. A "republican conspiracy" had been discovered. The Infante Don Enrique has been banished to the Balearic Islands. The Queen has returned to the Prado. The death of James Cargol, (so reported) the Carlist partisan, is confirmed. Seven of his band have been captured, and the troops are on the track of the remainder. Throughout Catalonia there is great activity among the Carlists, and trouble is apprehended.

ASIA.—Advices from Trebizonde, Sept. 16th, state that Gen. Andronikoff, with a superior force, had fortified himself at Urzugheti. The condition of the Ottoman army on the Tschurskou, is not satisfactory. The Russian outposts had advanced to Untschikilise. Schamyl has abandoned his projected attack upon Tiflis, and will co-operate with the allies on the Circassian coast.

COTTON MARKETS.—Liverpool, Oct. 7th.—The sales of cotton for the week have been 66,000 bales, including 7,000 on speculation, and 8,000 for export. The market has been less active. The quotations are: Fair Orleans 6½; middling 5½; fair Upland 6; middling 5¼.

Flour is in fair request. Western Canal 32a33s.

LONDON, Oct. 6.—Baring Brothers' circular reports small sales U. S. Sixes at 107a109; Maryland 5's 94; Virginia 6's 90a92; Pennsylvania 5's, bonds, 81a83. The transactions in stocks are limited.—Money is in demand. American eagles are nominally quoted at 76s 2½d.

## POLITICAL NEWS.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Pollock's majority for Governor reaches 36,200. The Prohibitory Liquor Law is defeated by about 3,000 majority.

VERMONT.—Hon. Jacob Collamer, who has been chosen a U. S. Senator from Vermont, for the full term of six years from the 4th of March next, is a Whig, and was Postmaster General under Gen. Taylor. Lawrence Brainerd, chosen for the unexpired balance of Mr. Upham's term, is a Free-Soil Democrat. Both are Anti-Nebraskaites.

FLORIDA.—The election for Congress and Legislature has been favorable to the Democrats. The returns are not full, but sufficient to show Democratic gain enough to carry the State. The strong Whig County, Duval, has sent Melton Haynes and D. C. Prescott, two Democrats, to the Legislature. Maxwell, Democrat, is elected to Congress certain, and as the Legislature will be Democratic on joint ballot, Mr. Yulee, or some other prominent Democrat, will be sent to the United States Senate.

IOWA.—It is already known that the Anti-Nebraska members are largely in the majority in the lower House of the Iowa Legislature, but it has been asserted that the Senate is tied, or has one Democratic majority. Late Iowa papers correct this last error. The Dubuque Observer states that the Whig candidate in the Polk Senatorial district has the certificate, which gives an Anti-Nebraska majority of one; and the Burlington Hawk Eye mentions the return of a Whig Senator from California, who it was supposed would be absent. So that the majority will be on the Whig side.

NEW YORK.—Professor Morse, of electro-magnetic telegraphic fame, has been nominated by the Democrats of Poughkeepsie, to serve out Judge Dean's unexpired Congressional term.

MADE UP.—The Richmond Enquirer and Washington Union have compromised the dispute about Gen. Cass. They have united upon the following common ground, as laid down in the Enquirer:

"We are not so illiberal or so stupid as to exact of Northern men a rigid conformity to our own creed in respect to negro slavery. We were long since taught not to look Northward for rational views on this subject; and we are content to find in that quarter simple tolerance of our institutions. This is all we demand, and this is what Gen. Cass refuses to concede us. He might be ever so averse to slavery and we would not complain, if he would rigidly abstain from assailing it."

THE NEXT CONGRESS.—The elections which have taken place this year for members of the next Congress, have resulted as follows. We compare these results with the last Congress:

| States. | 34th Congress. Nebraska. | Opp. | 33rd Congress. Nebraska. | Opp. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Arkansas | 2 | — | 2 | — |
| California | 2 | — | 2 | — |
| Florida | 1 | — | 1 | — |
| Maine* | — | 6 | 3 | 3 |
| Vermont | — | 3 | — | 3 |
| Missouri | 7 | — | 6 | 1 |
| Pennsylvania | 4 | 21 | 16 | 9 |
| Ohio | — | 21 | 12 | 9 |
| Indiana | 2 | 9 | 10 | 1 |
| Iowa* | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| South Carolina | 6 | — | 6 | — |
| Total (11 States) | 25 | 61 | 59 | 27 |

* Fuller (Adm.) contests the seat of Milliken (Republican) from Maine; Clarke (Whig) contests Hall's (Adm.) seat from Iowa, who, it is said, has been returned by the State Canvassers.

Opposition majority 36; Nebraska majority in 33rd Congress, 32; Anti-Nebraska gain in 86 members, 68. Elections are yet to be held in twenty States, of which the non-slaveholding States choose 74 members and the slaveholding States an equal number. The House of Representatives is composed of 234 members.

On the 7th of November, New York, New Jersey, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin, are to elect 54 members of Congress, and Massachusetts 11 Congressmen on the 13th.

THE "ELECTRICAL MOTOR" DESTROYED BY A MOB.—A letter from John M. Spear, published in the Spiritual Telegraph, contains the following information concerning the destruction of the machine built at Lynn, which was represented by its friends to be endowed with life, and was styled by some persons a "new Saviour:"

"From the hour that it became publicly known that the Association of Electricizers had undertaken to introduce to the inhabitants of this earth a new motive power, the press and the pulpit have assailed, ridiculed and misrepresented it, until a public sentiment has been generated which encouraged the mob to assail and destroy it. It was moved, as you know, to Randolph, N. Y., that it might have the advantages of that lofty electrical position. A temporary building was erected to shelter it. Into that under the cover of the night, the mob entered, tore out the heart of the mechanism, trampled beneath their feet, and scattered it to the four winds."

A difficulty has existed for some time between the Trustees of the Catholic Church in Newport, Kentucky, and the Bishop, growing out of the latter being engaged in building a school-house on the church lot, without the consent of the former. The trustees applied for an injunction, which was granted by the Court. The Judge gave an opinion deciding that the Bishop had the right to appoint Trustees for the Church, and to use ground for church purposes only.

THAT ABOLITION LETTER.—The following is the letter found in the Jackson Post Office, which led to the expulsion of the New England schoolmaster from Jackson, Mississippi. It was written by the aforesaid schoolmaster to a friend in the North, but was deposited in the Post Office by mistake, without any direction:

"—— talks as if Mississippi is to be his future home. He appears pleased with all things—slavery not excepted. In my opinion he is one of those men (or going to be) who, cradled in the land of liberty—come here to give up their principles and become the warmest apologists and advocates of the cursed system of slavery. For Southern men born and nurtured in the midst of slavery, and even taught to believe it as right, and to uphold it, I have the deepest sympathy and respect; but for that Northern man whom education, conscience, and experience all teach him better, and yet who comes here and becomes the apologist for, and uses his influence in favor of slavery, I have the most unmitigated contempt. It is the basest sacrifice of principle to selfish ends, and proving recreant to that which every Northern freeman, especially, must feel and know is the vitality of our republic—the safeguard to society—the element of national prosperity in every institution that tends to elevate and dignify man.

"He who thus acts with his eyes open, and conscience goading him, willingly steps upon and crushes beneath his feet the poor and helpless masses, that he may rise and be a lord of the earth. There are thousands of this very class of Northern men in this country, and they have done more to perpetuate slavery than Southerners themselves."


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# Local News.

NATIONAL WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.—This Convention, (which commenced its sessions at Sansom Street Hall, on Wednesday, and closed them on Friday of last week) was attended—forenoons, afternoons, and evenings—by large audiences of men and women of all ages and conditions. The following were the officers of the Convention:

President—Mrs. Ernestine S. Rose, of New York.

Vice Presidents—Lucretia Mott, of Philadelphia; Frances D. Gage, of Mo.; T. M. Higginson, Mass.; Martha C. Wright, New York; Thomas Garrett, Delaware; Hanna M. T. Cutler, Illinois; Robert Purvis, Pa.

Secretaries—Joseph A. Dugdale, Abby Kimber, and Hannah M. Darlington.

Business Committee—Lucy Stone, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Myra Townsend, Mary P. Wilson, Hannah M. Darlington, Sarah Pugh, Lydia Mott, and Mary Grew.

Finance Committee—Susan B. Anthony, James Mott, Ruth Dugdale, and Rebecca Plumley.

The principal lady debaters and orators, during the sessions of the Convention, were, Miss Lucy Stone, (who was attired in a neat black bloomer costume) Mrs. Emma R. Coe, Mrs. Lucretia Mott, Mrs. Frances D. Gage, Mrs. Tracy Cutler, Miss Anthony, and Mrs. Rose. The desires of the women composing this Convention are indicated in the subjoined resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we congratulate the true friends of woman upon the rapid progress which her cause has made during the year past, in spite of the hostility of the bad, and the prejudices of the good.

Resolved, That woman's aspiration is to be the only limit of woman's destiny.

Resolved, That so long as woman is debarred from an equal education, restricted of her employments, denied the right of independent property if married, and denied in all cases the right of controlling the legislation which she is, nevertheless, bound to obey, so long must the woman's rights agitation be continued.

Resolved, That in perfect confidence that what we desire will one day be accomplished, we commit the cause of woman to God and Humanity.

Resolved, That in demanding the educational rights of women, we do not deny the natural distinctions of sex, but only wish to develope them fully and harmoniously.

Resolved, That in demanding the industrial rights of woman, we only claim that she should have "a fair day's wages for a fair day's work," which is, however, impossible while she is restricted to a few ill-paid avocations, and unable (if married) to control her own earnings.

Resolved, That in demanding the political rights of women, we simply assert the fundamental principle of democracy, that taxation and representation should go together, and that if this principle be denied, all our institutions must fall with it.

Resolved, That our present democracy is an absurdity, since it deprives women even of the political power which is allowed to her in Europe, and abolishes all other aristocracy only to establish a new aristocracy of sex, which includes all men and excludes all women.

Resolved, That it is because we recognize the beauty and sacredness of the Family, that we demand for woman an equal position there, instead of her losing, as now, the control of her own property, the custody of her own children, and finally, her own legal existence—under laws which have all been pronounced by jurists "a disgrace to a heathen nation."

Resolved, That we urge it upon the women of every American State—first, to petition the Legislature for universal suffrage and a reform in the rights of property; second, to use their utmost efforts to improve female education; third, to open as rapidly as possible new channels for female industry.

SHOPLIFTING AND PRECOCIOUS MATRIMONY.—A singular instance of female depravity has recently been brought to the notice of the police. For the last eighteen months, a girl named Mary Ann Galway has been in the employ of Mr. Baum, in Eighth street above Arch, of Mr. John Kiehl, in Arch street, between Seventh and Eighth, and during the last four weeks, in the dry-goods establishment of Mr. George Fryer, in Chestnut street, below Tenth.

During these eighteen months Mary Ann seems to have had very costly clothing for herself, and to have made numerous presents to her dress-makers and acquaintances. On entering the store of Mr. Fryer, she presented his child with a beautiful handkerchief, the value of which is estimated at $45. Mr. Fryer naturally inquired how she came by such a costly article. She said that her mother held a very responsible and lucrative situation in the Girard House, in this city, and her aunt the same kind of a situation in the St. Nicholas Hotel, New York, and that one of them had given her the handkerchief. As she was a poor girl, she said, she did not like to keep such a handkerchief. This explanation was received as satisfactory at the time. But on last Saturday night, Mary Ann was detected in the act of secreting some fine laces, and the explanation of the affair only induced Mr. Fryer to have the young lady taken into custody. Since that event, startling developments have been made. It appears that during the last eighteen months, this young lady has been carrying on shoplifting by the wholesale, and with a success almost unparalleled by a female. She has taken from the various stores in which she has been employed patterns, silk-dresses, merinoes, laces, handkerchiefs, and other goods, amounting in value to hundreds of dollars. Her plan of action was to represent to her companion saleswomen that the goods had been purchased, and were to be sent for. The packages were laid aside until boys called and transferred them to the houses of acquaintances of the young lady, to whom she had made them presents. Goods, amounting in value to from $250 to $350, have been recovered by the police, and they expect to recover $100 worth more. She appears to have scattered her favors in every direction, giving away that which did not belong to her, with a most royal hand.

But this is not all of the story. Mary Ann exercised her fascinating powers over a mere lad, 17 years of age—a clerk in one of our well-known jewelry stores, secured his affections, and lastly, they were, upon false representations of age to Alderman Thompson, united in marriage. The lad belongs to a very respectable family, who cannot but grieve deeply at such a connection.

Mary Ann must answer for their misery, and to add to her troubles, she is now in an "interesting situation,"—not meaning the custody of the authorities. The case is an extraordinary one, and must excite the public attention.—*North American.*

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 164—Adults 79 and children 85.

# The Markets.

## PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, October 12, 1854.

REMARKS—There has been but little activity in the market during the past week. Among the jobbing houses there has been rather more business doing, but otherwise the transactions have been limited. Bark is in demand, but the stock is about exhausted, and there is little or none arriving. In Breadstuffs there has been a better feeling. Supplies both from the South and the interior continue to come forward very slowly, and for Flour and Wheat a further advance in prices has been realized. Corn has been in good demand, and the decline noted last week has been recovered. Cotton meets a limited inquiry at former rates. Coffee is dull and lower, but for Sugar and Molasses prices are steadily maintained, and there is but little of either left in first hands to operate in. In Fish and Fruit the sales have been unimportant. Hemp is dull. Hops have declined. The Iron market is dull, and the sales have been only in small lots from stores. In Naval Stores and Oils no change worthy of notice. Plaster is in fair request. In Rice there has been more doing. Seeds are very quiet. Wool is in limited request, but prices are unchanged. Freights are dull.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The receipts of Flour are exceedingly light, and the stock is small. There has been very little export demand, but holders have again put up their prices 25c per bbl. The sales for shipment amount to only 4,000 bbls standard and good brands at $8,25, including some Brandywine at $8 25a8,50; 1,500 bbls Richmond on private terms, and 1,000 bbls extra at $8,50a9,12½. At the close to-day $8,50 was the general asking rate for standard brands. Sales of middlings have been made at $4,50a7. There is a steady demand for home consumption, within the range of $8,50a9,50 for common and extra brands, and fancy lots at higher figures. Rye Flour is scarce; small sales at $6,37½a6,50.—Corn Meal has slightly improved; sales of 1,000 bbls at $4,12½ per bbl for fresh ground Pennsylvania, and $3,50a4 for old stock, and $4,50 for Brandywine.

Inspections of Flour and Meal for the week ending the 19th inst. were as follows:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Barrels of | Superfine Flour | 7,743 |
| Do | Fine | 68 |
| Do | Middlings | 29 |
| Do | Rye | 148 |
| Do | Corn Meal | 791 |
| Do | Condemned | 22 |
| | Total | 8,801 |

GRAIN.—There has been an active demand for Wheat during the past week, and prices have again advanced 5a8c per bushel. Sales of 40,000 bushels ordinary and prime red at $1,80a1,85, mostly at the latter figure, and white at $1,90a1,95. Rye is scarce and in demand; $1,15 for Southern, and $1,17a1,18 for Northern. Corn is in good demand, and 30a40,000 bushels good yellow sold at 82 cts, including some weevily at 79a80; white at 80c, and now at 73 cts. Oats are dull, and Southern have declined to 41a42c per bushel.

PROVISIONS—There is but little inquiry for Pork, and prices rather favor buyers. Small sales of Mess at $13,50a14 per bbl, on time. There is but little Prime offering. City packed Mess Beef is held at $17,50, cash, but sells only in small lots for ship stores. Bacon—The market has been very quiet since our last notice, but prices remain without change. Small sales of Hams at 11a13c for plain and fancy canvassed. Sides at 8½c, and Shoulders at 7½c, all on time. Lard—There has been little inquiry. Sales of bbls at 11c per lb, on time, and kegs at 11½c. Butter is in rather better demand. Sales of solid packed at 14a16c per lb, cash. Roll is scarce. Cheese sells at 11a11½c.

AMERICAN FABRICS—Prices are steady for Cotton Goods, but Woollens are somewhat unsettled.

BARK—Quercitron Bark continues in demand at $36 per ton; but the stock is about exhausted, and there is none coming in. Some holders will not accept this price. Tanner's Bark is scarce, and wanted.

BEESWAX—Small sales of good yellow at 28a29 cts per lb, cash.

CANDLES—The demand is limited for all descriptions, but prices remain without change; small sales of Sperm at 30a31c, and Adamantine at 22a28c per lb, 4 mos, as in quality.

COAL—The recent cool weather has caused a better demand for home consumption, but there has been less inquiry for shipment. Prices, however, remain without change. There is but little Bituminous Coal arriving, and it is wanted at 23 cts per bushel.

The following is a report of shipments of Coal from Richmond, for the week ending the 14th inst.:

| Ships. | Barks. | Brigs. | Schrs. | Sloops. | Boats. | Destination. | tons. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | 7 | 46 | | | Boston & vicinity, | 9,807 |
| | | | 30 | | | Conn. & R. Isl'd, | 5,303 |
| | | | 4 | | 32 | N. Y. and vicinity, | 6,248 |
| | | | 3 | | 8 | North River, | 1,744 |
| 1 | 1 | — | 15 | 18 | 10 | Southern Ports, | 4,911 |
| 1 | 1 | 7 | 98 | 18 | 50 | | |

| | |
|---|---|
| Tons for the week | 27,978 |
| Total for the season | 1,152,317 |
| Same time last year | 929,153 |
| No of vessels for the week | 162 |
| Total for the season | 7,173 |

COFFEE—The market has been dull since our last notice. The stock has been increased by the arrival of two cargoes of Rio at the close of last week, and prices have declined. Sales of 2,000 bags Rio at 10a12c per lb, on time, closing at 10a11½c.

COPPER—Sheathing Copper sells slowly at 32c per lb, 6 mos, but Yellow Metal is in good demand at 27c.

COTTON—The Baltic and Africa's advices are rather favorable, but they have had little or no effect upon our market. The receipts continue very small, and the stock is much reduced, but prices are steadily maintained. Sales of 700 bales Upland at 9½a11c, and New Orleans at 9½ up to 12c per lb, on time, as in quality.

The receipts of Cotton up to the latest dates, at all the ports, give the following results:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Decrease— | New Orleans | 215,099 | |
| | Mobile | 8,404 | |
| | Savannah | 29,542 | |
| | Charleston | 42,870 | |
| | Florida | 29,084 | |
| | Virginia | 4,483 | |
| | North Carolina | 9,511 | 339,263 |
| Increase— | Texas | | 21,819 |
| | Total decrease of the season | | 337,444 |

The foreign exports this season, as compared with last, will exhibit a decrease:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Decrease— | To Great Britain | 131,939 |
| | To France | 53,034 |
| | To other foreign ports | 22,676 |
| | Total decrease | 207,649 |

The decrease in coastwise exports is 79,176 bales. The increase in stocks, at all the receiving ports is 2,892 bales.

DRUGS AND DYES—There has been a fair trade doing. Sales of Soda Ash at 2¼a2½c; Sal Soda at 1½c, and Liquorice Paste at 23c per lb, on time.

FEATHERS—Continue scarce and good Western are wanted at 44a48 cts per lb, cash and on time, at which figure 2a3,000 lbs have been disposed of.

FISH—Prices of Mackerel are steady. The stock continues light and there are but few arriving.—Small sales of large No 1 from store at $19; No 2 at $17, and No 3 at $9a9,25 per bbl. Prices of Codfish and Herring are unchanged. A sale of pickled Herring was made at $3,75 per bbl.

FRUIT—An invoice of Sicily Lemons sold at the close of last week on private terms. There have been no arrivals of foreign Fruit since and there has been but little doing. Small sales of Bunch Raisins at $2,50a2,75 per box. Dried Apples and Peaches meet a limited inquiry at our last quotations. Cranberries range from $7 to 9 per bbl.

GINSENG—Is scarce, and no transactions have been reported.

GUANO—The season for Guano is about over, and there is little or nothing doing. We quote Peruvian at $45,50a48 per ton.

HEMP—Is very quiet, and no sales have been reported.

HIDES—Are dull. An import of Laguayra has arrived, and partly disposed of on private terms.

HOPS—Are lower. Sales of new Eastern and Western at 38a40c per lb.

INDIGO—Is held firmly. A sale of Bengal at $1,20 per lb, now held higher.

IRON—The market has been dull, and the only transactions reported are small lots of Anthracite from store at $37a37 per ton, 6 mos, for No 1; $35 for No 2, and 500 tons No 3 Forge at $33, 6 months. Blooms are scarce, and range from $85 to 90, 6 mos. Scotch Pig is dull, and prices favor buyers. In Manufactured Iron there is a steady business doing at our last quotations.

LEAD—Is scarce, and no further sales of Galena have been reported. A lot of Spanish sold on private terms.

LEATHER—There is a steady demand for Slaughter at former rates, but Spanish Sole is neglected.

LUMBER—Of all descriptions is dull, but prices remain without change. Small sales of Laths at $2a2,25 per M. Pickets range from $8 to 9.

MOLASSES—There has been nothing doing, owing to the want of stocks to operate in, and prices remain unchanged.

NAVAL STORES—There has been but little doing. Small sales of Rosin, part from vessel, at $1,90a2 per barrel for Common, and $2,25a3,50 for Soap, as in quality. Tar and Pitch sell only in small lots at our last quotations. Spirits of Turpentine is in steady demand at 54a56c, cash and on time, which is a decline.

OILS—Prices of Whale Oil are firm, and for Sperm they are looking upward, in consequence of the high rate prevailing to the Eastward. There is a good store demand. Small sales of Winter Lard Oil at 90a95c, on time. Linseed Oil is held at 81a82 cts.

The following are the Imports of Sperm and Whale Oil and Whalebone into the U. States for the week ending the 16th inst.:

| | Bbls Sp. | Bbls. Wh. | Lbs Bone. |
|---|---|---|---|
| New London, Brig Georgiana | | 1,100 | |
| Total for the week | | 1,100 | |
| Previously | 65,117 | 311,918 | 3,423,477 |
| From Jan 1 to date | 66,117 | 311,918 | 3,423,477 |
| Same time last year | 96,368 | 256,649 | 5,060,705 |

PLASTER—There is a steady demand, and further sales of Soft have been made at $3,25 per ton.

RAGS—An import of 350 bales Sicily sold at a price kept private.

RICE—There has been rather more inquiry, and prices are steady; sales in lots at 5¼a5½c per lb, on time, part from the wharf.

SALT—No transactions have been reported since our last notice.

SEEDS—There is but little Cloverseed offering. Small sales of new at $5 25 up to 6,50 per 64 lbs, as in quality. Timothy is dull. Small sales at $3,25a5 per bushel for fair and prime quality. Flaxseed is in demand at $1,75a1,80, but there is little or none coming in.

SPICES—Small sales of Nutmegs at $1a1,05 per lb, 6 mos.

SPIRITS—There is a steady demand for Brandy and Gin at former rates. N E Rum has declined to 43c. Whiskey is unsettled. Sales at 39a39c in both hhds and bbls, with sales to-day at the latter figure.

SUGAR—Prices are drooping, but there is little doing, and but little stock to operate in. Sales of 100 hhds New Orleans at 5a5½c per lb, on time, and some Havana brown and yellow at 6a7½c.

SUMAC—Sales of 500 bags Sicily were made on terms kept private.

TALLOW—There is a moderate inquiry for Rendered at 11½a12½c per lb, cash, for Country and City Rendered.

TEAS—Are in fair request, without change in prices.

TOBACCO—Prices are steady for both Leaf and Manufactured, but there is a very limited business doing.

WINES—Prices are looking upward, but the sales have been unimportant.

WOOL—The market is rather firmer. The demand continues limited, but prices are steadily maintained. The sales amount to 70,000 lbs at 20 up to 45c per lb, 6 mos, as in quality. It is the general impression that prices have about touched bottom.

FREIGHTS—To Liverpool are dull. 8,000 bushels Corn were taken at 3a3½d per bushel, and some Rosin at 2s per bbl. To San Francisco little or nothing offering. Colliers are in steady demand at $2 per ton to Boston, $1,50a1,60 to Rhode Island, and $1,10 to New York.—*Inquirer.*

### NEW YORK MARKETS, OCT. 21.

Cotton market is quiet. Prices unsettled.

Coffee—Market steady, with fair demand. Sales 1000 bags Rio at 10a11½c.

Flour—Fair demand for Western and State, with light arrivals and small stock prices 12½a25c better for better. The eastern demand is good for better grades. Sales of Western Canal are 4500 bbls, and $8 25a8,50 for common to good State, and $8,25a8,87½ for mixed to good brands. Michigan, Upper Lake and common to good Ohio at $10,25a10,50 for Genesee. Southern Four 12½ better and in good demand. Sales 3000 bbls at $8 50a8,87½ for mixed to good standard brands, and $9 25a9 62½ for fancy and extra. Corn Meal quiet at $4,37a4,43½ for Jersey. Buckwheat Flour good request, and very plenty at $3,87a4,25.

GRAIN.—Wheat much unsettled; supply moderate; sales of 3,000 bushels ordinary red Southern at $1 86a1,85, and 2,500 bushels inferior white do at $1,76. Barley is decidedly better, the supply light, and demand fair; sales 3,000 bushels at $1,37½. Corn is better and in good request; sales 60,000 bushels at 79a79½ for unsound, and 79a81c for Western mixed.

HOPS.—The demand for the home trade is very light, but for export there is a fair inquiry at steady prices; sales 50 bales Eastern and Western at 35a40c as to quality.

PROVISIONS.—Fair demand for Pork, and the market is better; sales of mess at $12,25a12,37½. Beef dull and heavy at the decline; sales of country mess at $11, re-packed Chicago at $14. Butter is more plenty and in fair demand at 15a18c for Ohio, and 18a22c for State. Lard is steady at 9½a10½c. Cheese selling at 9a10½c.

WHISKEY—Fair demand; sales 300 bbls at 35c for Jersey, 35a35½c for Ohio, and 36c for Prison.


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MESSRS. J. KIDD & CO. Per W. E. PORTER.

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All who engage with us will be secured from the possibility of loss while the profits will be very liberal. oct7-4t


### ALMANAC.

| Oct., 1854. | Sun rises | Sun sets | High water | Moon's phases |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 28 Saturday, | 6 45 | 5 15 | 8 19 | |
| 29 Sunday, | 6 46 | 5 14 | 9 16 | |
| 30 Monday, | 6 47 | 5 13 | 10 9 | |
| 31 Tuesday, | 6 49 | 5 11 | 10 56 | D. H. M. |
| 1 Wedn'day, | 6 50 | 5 10 | 11 45 | Full 4 4 18 |
| 2 Thursday, | 6 51 | 5 9 | 12 31 | Last 12 5 23 |
| 3 Friday, | 6 53 | 5 7 | 1 10 | New 20 5 40 |
| 4 Saturday, | 6 54 | 5 6 | 2 49 | First 26 9 51 |

# Marriages.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Fort Howard, Sept. 26, by the Rev. J. Porter, Mr. HAZEN MOOERS, of Green Bay, with Miss HELEN MARTHA, second daughter of Maj. E. SHALER, of Fort Howard.

On the 11th inst. by Friends' Ceremony, in the presence of Ald. Davis, PAUL JONES FRY, to HANNAH ANN, daughter of James Hutchinson, all of this city.

On the 19th inst. by Robt. T. Conrad, Mayor of Philadelphia, in accordance with the order of Friends, CHARLES S. CORNEAU, of Springfield, Ills. to LIZZIE G. RIDGWAY, daughter of the late Joseph Ridgway, of this city.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. ROBERT PARKS, to Miss ANNA E. GRANT, both of this city.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. J. A. Roche, Capt. JOSEPH WESTCOTT, to MARY H. HART, both of Philadelphia.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Baldwin, Mr. SAMUEL W. YATES, to Miss JANE P. CONLY, both of Philadelphia.

By the Rev. John C. Coleman, Mr. JAMES BAYNE, Jr. to Miss MARY A. JONES, all of Philadelphia.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. Mr. De Witt, Mr. WILLIAM HAYS, to ANNA MONTIETH, all of this city.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. H. A. Hunter, Mr. JOHN P. HINKLE, to Miss ALATHEA ELIZA, daughter of Jacob Harker, all of this city.

At Centreville, Ind. on the 14th inst. by the Rev. F. G. Black, Mr. WILLIAM A. WOLFERSBERGER, of Philadelphia, to Miss SALLIE J. DENWIDDIE, of the former place.

In Camden, on the 13th inst. by the Rev. Thos. Goodwin, Mr. ISAAH B. JESS, to Miss MARIA E. FORD, both of Camden.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. Wm. H. Benade, Mr. EDWARD TOMLINSON, of Conshohocken, to Miss FANNIE C. BANES, of Philadelphia.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. A. Brown, of Conshohocken, Mr. WILLIAM B. WHITECAR, Jr., of Philadelphia, to Miss JULIA HUSBELL, of Conshohocken.

On the 12th inst. by the Rev. Wm. Hockel, Mr. JOHN W. BAKER, to Miss JANE V. JONES, both of Philadelphia.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. Wm. H. Furness, Mr. LAWRENCE RAMEY, of Radnor, Del. county, to Miss JANE ENGLISH, of this city.

# Deaths.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 18th instant, JOHN GILLAM, infant son of Jos. and Cassander Peck, aged 1 year and 1 month.
On the 18th inst. ELIZABETH CONRAD, aged 71.
On the 17th inst. Mrs. SARAH J. ADAMS, aged 65.
On the 17th inst. VAN ROOM E. SCHEETZ, aged 22 years and 7 months.
On the 17th inst. HARRY WINFIELD, son of John and Sarah A. Nickel, aged 9 years.
On the 18th inst. RICHARD COTTERALL, aged 86.
On the 18th inst. Mrs. BRIDGET E. FITZGIBBONS, aged 43 years.
On the 17th inst. Capt. JOSEPH WALKER, aged 56.
On the 17th instant, JAMES C. WATSON, aged 20 years.
On the 18th inst. MARY, wife of Jas. Armstrong, aged 39 years.
On the 19th inst. MICHAEL FEENEY, aged 38.
On the 18th inst. JOHN, son of John and Margaret Kelly, aged 16 months.
On the 17th inst. CHARLES STRATTON, aged 24 years.
On the 18th inst. WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, aged 24 years.
On the 18th inst. Miss SARAH RUSH, aged 56.
On the 17th inst. HARRY J. son of Danl. and Elizabeth Buck, aged 3 years.
On the 16th inst. Miss CAROLINE, daughter of the late John and Catharine Fisher.
On the 19th inst. Hon. WILLIAM WILKINSON, Ex-Mayor of the Northern Liberties, aged 62 years.
On the 17th inst. WILLIAM, son of Lewis and Elizabeth Wernle, aged 11 months.
On the 17th inst. THOMAS CAULEY, aged 26 years.
On the 16th inst. SARAH A. D. CONNELLY, aged 27 years.
On the 16th inst. Mrs. SARAH DEVER, aged 54.
On the 15th inst. CATHARINE JURFURT, aged 34 years and 3 months.
On the 15th inst. WILLIAM CASS, son of Rachel and Daniel Hart, aged 6 years.
On the 15th inst. DOROTHY STROUP, aged 10 years.
On the 14th inst. JACOB THOMAS, aged 87 years.
On the 16th inst. JAMES NUGENT, aged 24 years.
On the 16th instant MICHAEL G. son of the late Michael Herrick, aged 2 years and 2 months.
On the 18th inst. JOHN P. LEVY, son of Washington and Martha Owens, aged 2½ months.
On the 15th inst. JOSEPH, son of Sarah and the late Samuel Alexander, aged 5 years.
On the 14th inst. ELIZABETH B. daughter of Henry and Emeline Kirby, aged 17 years.
On the 15th inst. Mrs. MARY MCCAFFERTY, aged 40 years.

# Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY I. CRAVEN & Co., BROKERS, *No. 34 South Third Street.*

PHILADELPHIA, October 28, 1854.

| | |
|---|---|
| **PENNSYLVANIA.** | |
| Philadelphia Banks | par |
| U S Bank notes | 15 dis |
| Harrisburg | ½ dis |
| Chambersburg | ½ dis |
| York | ½ dis |
| Gettysburg | ½ dis |
| Carlisle | ½ dis |
| Middletown | ½ dis |
| Brownsville | ½ dis |
| Pittsburg | ½ dis |
| Washington co | ½ dis |
| Honesdale | ½ dis |
| Waynesburg | ½ dis |
| Erie | 1 dis |
| All other sol'nt Bks | par |
| Relief notes | ¼a1 dis |
| **NEW JERSEY.** | |
| Trenton, M't Holly, Burlington, Medford, Sal'm, Bridgeton, Camd'n, Prince-ton, Bord'to'n, BkgCo | par |
| Public Stock Bank, Belvidere, | 25 dis |
| Plainfield | closed |
| State Bk Morris | do |
| Coml Bk Perth Amboy | do |
| Peoples Bk Paterson | do |
| N Hope Del Bridge Co | do |
| Yardleyville do | 10 dis |
| New Brunswick | ½ dis |
| Newark | ½ dis |
| Morris co | ½ dis |
| Middletown Point | ½ dis |
| Orange | ½ dis |
| Belvidere | ½ dis |
| Rahway | ½ dis |
| Dover | ½ dis |
| All New Jersey secured by stocks | ½ dis |
| **DELAWARE.** | |
| All solvent Banks | par |
| Bk Milford | failed |
| Under 5's | ½ dis |
| **MARYLAND.** | |
| Baltimore Banks | ¼ dis |
| Mineral Bk | ½ dis |
| Cecil co | ½ dis |
| Frederick co | ½ dis |
| Cumberland | ½ dis |
| Washington co | ½ dis |
| Hagerstown | ½ dis |
| Salisbury, Havre de Grace, Far & Millers | failed |
| Far & Mec Bk Kent Co, Md | failed |
| **DIS. OF COLUMBIA.** | |
| All solvent Banks | ½ dis |
| **NEW YORK.** | |
| City Banks | par a½ dis |
| Solvent co Bks | ½ dis |
| Suffolk Bank | failed |
| 8th Avenue Bank | failed |
| Knickerbocker Bk | failed |
| James Bk | 25 dis |
| New Rochelle | 30 dis |
| Far Bk Onondaga | 25 dis |
| Bk of Owego | redeemed |
| Mer & Mec Bk City Oswego | 25 dis |
| Redeemed—Drover's Bk Ogdensburg | 30 dis |
| Bk Carthage | 30 dis |
| **MAINE.** | |
| Mercan Bk Bangor | 1½ dis |
| All other solv't Bks | ½ dis |
| Monsum River Bk | failed |
| Ellsworth Bank | failed |
| **NEW HAMPSHIRE.** | |
| All solvent Bks | ½ dis |

| | |
|---|---|
| **VERMONT.** | |
| Bank of St Albans | ½ dis |
| All solvent Banks | ½ dis |
| **CONNECTICUT.** | |
| All solvent Banks | ½ dis |
| Bk N AmeSeymour | ½ dis |
| **MASSACHUSETTS.** | |
| All solvent Banks | ½ dis |
| Dorchester and Milton stolen notes | no sale |
| Coch'te Bk Bost | 50 dis |
| **RHODE ISLAND.** | |
| All solvent Banks | ½ dis |
| Phoenix B'k, Westerly, stolen notes | no sale |
| **CANADA.** | |
| Montreal | 1½ dis |
| **VIRGINIA.** | |
| Bk of Va & brch's | 1 dis |
| Far Bk & brch's | 1 dis |
| Valley Bk & brch's | 1 dis |
| Ex Bk & brch's | 1 dis |
| Wheeling | 1 dis |
| **NORTH CAROLINA.** | |
| All solvent Banks | 1½ dis |
| Small notes | 2 dis |
| **SOUTH CAROLINA.** | |
| All solvent Banks | ½ dis |
| Small notes | 1½ dis |
| **GEORGIA.** | |
| All solvent Banks | 1 dis |
| Bk St Mary's | 35 dis |
| Small notes | 1½ dis |
| **ALABAMA.** | |
| Bk of Mobile | 1½ dis |
| Country Banks | 3 dis |
| **MISSISSIPPI.** | |
| All Banks | uncertain |
| **LOUISIANA.** | |
| All solvent Banks | 1½ dis |
| **OHIO.** | |
| Ohio Savings Bk | failed |
| Bk of Wooster | 60 dis |
| Bk of Norwalk | 60 dis |
| All solvent Banks | 2 dis |
| Small notes | 2 dis |
| Bk Massillon | failed |
| **KENTUCKY.** | |
| Com Bk Ky | failed |
| All solvent Banks | 2 dis |
| Small notes | 2 dis |
| Newport Sat Fd bk | failed |
| **INDIANA.** | |
| All solvent Banks | 2 dis |
| Free Bank | 10 dis |
| Small notes | 3 dis |
| Washtenaw | no sale |
| Bk Connersville | failed |
| **ILLINOIS.** | |
| Bk of Illinois | 30 dis |
| State Bk do | 30 dis |
| Good Free Bks | 1a3 dis |
| **MISSOURI.** | |
| All solvent Banks | 1 dis |
| **TENNESSEE.** | |
| All solvent Banks | 2½ dis |
| Small notes | 3 dis |
| East Tennessee | 3 dis |
| F & M, Memphis | failed |
| **MICHIGAN.** | |
| Gov't Stock Bk | 1½ dis |
| All solvent Banks | 2 dis |
| Erie & Kalamazoo Bank | 60 dis |
| **ARKANSAS.** | |
| All Banks | no sale |
| **WISCONSIN.** | |
| All solvent Banks | 1½ dis |
| **TEXAS.** | |
| Commercial & Agricultural Bk Galveston | 10 pr ct |


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## THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY ROSS, CAMBLOS & CO., STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKERS. No. 28 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm:

| | Bid. | Asked. | | Bid. | Asked. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| US 6's '56 | 104½ | — | P Township | 34 | 39 |
| " '62 | 112½ | — | Girard | 12½ | 12¾ |
| " '67 | 117½ | — | Western | 70½ | 72 |
| " '68 | 117½ | — | Man & Mechs | 29 | 30 |
| " 5's | 107 | — | Bk of Com | 69 | 71 |
| Philada 6s | 92 | 92 | Camden N J | 90 | — |
| " 5s | — | 83 | Georgetown | 63 | 65 |
| " Gas 6s | 93 | 93 | Trent Bk Co | 34 | — |
| County 5s | 80 | — | Pitt'bg Bk | 55½ | 57 |
| Penna 6s | 100 | — | M & M Pitts | 58 | 60 |
| " 5s | 80 | — | Exch'ge, Pitts | 55 | — |
| Kentucky 6s | 107 | — | Com, Cin | 15 | — |
| Tennessee 6s | 83 | 84 | Louis, Ky | 103 | — |
| Illinois 6s | — | — | Kentucky Bk | 103½ | 104 |
| Cincinnati 6s | 98½ | 99 | Northern | 108 | — |
| TexasT Notes | 39 | 40 | Union, Tenn | — | 54 |
| " Bds 8s | 50 | — | Plant's, Tenn | — | 84 |
| Schuyl N 6s | 75½ | 75½ | Vicksburg | 10½ | 10½ |
| Lehigh N 6s | 91 | 92 | Com, Natchez | — | — |
| " Int Loan | 98 | 99 | N O Gas Li | 110 | — |
| " Mort 6s | 94 | 95 | Schuyl Nav | 43½ | 44 |
| C & D C'l 6s | 85 | 86 | " pref'd le | 31½ | 32½ |
| C & Am R Bds | 86 | 87 | Lehigh Nav | 64½ | 70 |
| ReadRw R 6s | 84 | 84 | C & Del Cal | — | — |
| Susqueh Cl 6s | 63 | 64 | Morris Cl | 13 | 13½ |
| Norrist'n R 6s | 96 | — | PenndrOhioCl | 28 | — |
| Harris R 6s | 86 | 86½ | Union Cl | 10 | 10½ |
| Wil R 6s | — | — | Camd&Am R | 145 | — |
| Read R 6s | 78½ | 79 | Penna R | 43½ | 43½ |
| " Mort 6s | 83½ | 84½ | Bea Mdw R | 37½ | 39 |
| U S Bk Shares | 2 | — | Lykens Val R | 15 | — |
| M Amer Bk | 140 | 141 | North Am Cl | — | 14 |
| Penna Bank | 114 | 115 | Susqueh Cl | 10 | 11 |
| Philadelphia | 131½ | 135 | Norristown R | 55½ | 57½ |
| Far & Mec | 70 | 71 | Harrisburg R | 53½ | 54 |
| Commercial | 59 | 60 | Reading Road | 35½ | 35¾ |
| N Liberty | 49 | — | Wilmington R | 22 | 24 |
| Mechanics | 30 | 30¼ | Minehill R | 63½ | 64 |
| Southwark | 70 | — | N Liberty Gas | 24 | 25 |
| Kensington | 70 | 71 | R W Ma Co | — | 25 |
| | | | Lo'g Island R R | 14½ | 14½ |


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AMERICANS!!!
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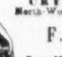

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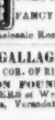

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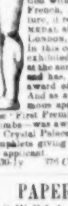

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## FITS! FITS! FITS!

THE VEGETABLE EXTRACT PILLS, FOR THE CURE OF Fits, Spasms, Cramps, and all Nervous and Constitutional Diseases.

PERSONS who are laboring under this distressing malady, will find the VEGETABLE EPILEPTIC PILLS to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY, OR FALLING FITS.

These Pills possess a specific action on the nervous system; and, although they are prepared especially for the purpose of curing fits, they will be found of especial benefit for all persons afflicted with weak nerves, or whose nervous system has been prostrated or shattered from any cause whatever. In chronic complaints, or diseases of long-standing, superinduced by nervousness, they are exceedingly beneficial.

TESTIMONY IN FAVOR OF THE VEGETABLE EXTRACT EPILEPTIC PILLS!

In the publication of the following certificates of cures, the names have been suppressed, as the testimonials were voluntarily offered, and it would be improper to publish them without the consent of the parties, and who would be unwilling to publish to the world that they or their children, or friends, ever had Fits, when the circumstance is always regarded as one of the family secrets.

READING, BERKS COUNTY, PA., December 22, 1852.

*To Seth S. Hance:*

DEAR SIR—The Pills my brother bought of you in November, I mean the VEGETABLE EPILEPTIC PILLS, are out, and I get a friend to enclose you five dollars, for which I wish you to send me immediately two boxes more. I have been troubled for many years with FITS, and have tried the skill of many Physicians, but nothing which I have taken appears to have met the requirements of my case so well as your EPILEPTIC PILLS.

ANOTHER CASE OF FITS!

CLARKSBURG, VA., November 15, 1852.

*To Seth S. Hance, Baltimore, Md.*

DEAR SIR—Having been afflicted for some years past with FALLING FITS, I saw your advertisement and determined to give your Pills a trial, and I am happy to say that since I commenced the use of them, I have not had an attack. I believe them to be a first-rate article, for, as I have written to you in a former letter, I was attacked every two weeks, but since I have been using them I have not had an attack.

Yours, respectfully.

LETTER FROM A DRUGGIST.

NEW YORK, Oct. 10, 1852.

DEAR SIR—Please send me two boxes more of your VEGETABLE EPILEPTIC PILLS—the person for whom I procured them, is much pleased with their effects. They seem to have an excellent effect.

A PERFECT CURE OF EPILEPSY.

PITTSBURG, November 22, 1853.

DEAR SIR—It is now ten months since my wife has had any of those nervous attacks. She thinks she is cured. She has not had any symptoms of the disease for the last nine months. She took your VEGETABLE EXTRACT PILLS for about four months, and discontinued them four months since. Mrs. S. was treated by the best old school Physicians in the State for ten years, then by the best Homoeopathic for eighteen months, without a cure. It is to your Vegetable Extract Pills, and with a strict regard to diet, that we ascribe her cure of the most dreadful disease that ever afflicted the human family. I wish every person afflicted with Epilepsy had this medicine, and would give it a thorough trial. It may not cure in all cases, but in this it has performed wonders.

A VERY REMARKABLE CURE.

MILLEDGEVILLE, GEORGIA, December 17, 1852.

DEAR SIR—I wish to inform you that one of my family has been afflicted with FITS for a number of years, and seeing an advertisement in a newspaper, concerning your VEGETABLE EXTRACT EPILEPTIC PILLS, I came to the conclusion, after trying almost every Physician in my reach, and all having failed in relieving my child of the disease, to send for six boxes of your Pills, which proved an effectual cure for my daughter, who is now about 18 years of age. I think there is no other medicine in use equal to them, and I will be for ever grateful to you for the use of them, for my daughter whom it has cured.

Yours, respectfully.

NERVOUS AND CONSTITUTIONAL DISEASES.

These Pills possess a specific action on the nervous system, and although they are prepared especially for the purpose of curing FITS, they will be found of especial benefit for all persons afflicted with weak nerves, or whose nervous system has been prostrated or shattered from any cause whatever; in fact, it is almost impossible to convey an adequate idea of the speedy and almost miraculous results which these Pills effect in the diseased, broken down and prostrated nervous systems. Persons who were all lassitude, weakness and debility, before their use, at once become robust and full of energy. No matter whether the constitution has been broken down by excess, weak by nature, or debilitated by sickness, their effect on the unstrung and shattered nervous organization is equally certain and apparent. In cases of neuralgia, headache, vertigo, pain in the nerves of the face, and the various train of Nervous Affections; palpitation of the heart, periodical headaches, cold and enervated state of the frame, frequent fits of abstraction, total inability, dislike to society, melancholy, religious mono-mania, heats and flushes of the face on the slightest occasion, a desire that existence should terminate; they will produce a cure in an astonishingly short period of time, and it will also remove depression, excitement, a tendency to blush, restlessness, sleeplessness, incapacity for study or business, loss of memory, confusion, giddiness, blood to the head, mental debility, hysteria, indecision, wretchedness, thoughts of self-destruction, fear of insanity, &c. They will increase and restore the appetite, strengthen the emaciated, renew the health of those who have destroyed it by excesses, and induce continual cheerfulness and equanimity of spirits, and prolong life.

Persons of pale complexion and consumptive habits are restored by the use of a box or two, to BLOOM and VIGOR, changing the skin from a pale, yellow, sickly color to a beautiful FLORID COMPLEXION.

We assure the reader that the utmost reliance may be placed in these Pills, in the cure of the maladies mentioned above, and also of those which follow, viz: Loss of muscular energy, and general prostration, irritability, and all Nervous Affections, indigestion, sluggishness of the Liver, weakness, &c., or any of the consequences of indiscretion, or indulgence, renders it the most valuable remedy ever discovered. In fact, as a remedy for the above complaints, these Pills stand unrivalled and alone. There is no other reliable remedy, or any that has authentically received the sanction of the medical faculty.

In constitutional diseases, the action of these Pills is not less happy and decided. Numerous instances might be mentioned in which persons have inherited dreadful maladies from their infancy, and have endured years of misery and suffering, spent hundreds of dollars, and finally been cured by the use of the Vegetable Extract Pills.

CASE OF NERVOUSNESS AND PROSTRATION.

NEWBERN, N. C., Jan. 1, 1853.

DEAR SIR—My wife has been afflicted for the last seven years with general weakness, prostration, sour stomach, dyspepsia, constipation, extreme nervousness and headache brought on, as I believe, originally, by a severe cold during sickness, which nearly terminated her life. Several Physicians were employed, and a great many medicines, to no purpose. Among the rest were numerous cordials and other medicines advertised for the same purpose as yours. And at last a friend of the family requested me to try your VEGETABLE EXTRACT EPILEPTIC PILLS, which I did, with no hope that it would operate with any better effect than the others, but I rejoice, my dear sir, when I inform you she has not yet taken three boxes, and already enjoys better health than she has for twenty years previous to this date. Constipation, headache, nervousness and dyspepsia are all gone, and I have not the least doubt that they will ultimately restore her to complete health. I shall ever take pains in recommending them to others troubled in like manner, and I also know them to be equally good for FITS; for, as I said before, the friend of mine who recommended them to me, had a little daughter who was cured of Fits by the use of them.

COMPLICATION OF DISEASES.

TRENTON, N. J., Oct. 27, 1852.

DEAR SIR—I have been severely afflicted for a length of time with great PHYSICAL DEBILITY and PROSTRATION of the whole NERVOUS SYSTEM. At times I have fallen in the street by attacks of dizziness in the head, accompanied by ringing in the ears. I also suffered with dyspepsia, sickness at the stomach, and sensations of weakness. Heard that your VEGETABLE EXTRACT EPILEPTIC PILLS were adapted for such complaints, and procured a box, and to my astonishment, before I had used the box, I was like another man; indeed, one half dozen boxes cured me entirely. I have never been so surprised at any result in my life. I consider your medicine a great blessing, and will extend its use as far as lies in my power. You are at liberty to publish this if you choose.

DIMNESS OF VISION AND DEBILITY.

PITTSBURG, Dec. 17, 1852.

DEAR SIR—I enclose you five dollars for two boxes more of your VEGETABLE EXTRACT EPILEPTIC PILLS. I want them for a friend of mine, who has Fits; they have entirely cured me. I was afflicted for many months with pains in the head and dimness of sight, together with great nervous debility; so much, that it was with much difficulty for me to walk or keep about. My digestive organs, also, were much deranged. I used quite a number of remedies, but received little or no benefit until I took your EXTRACT PILLS, which have restored me to more than my usual health, so I am now enjoying better health than I have done for a number of years. I am now 60 years of age. I believe them to be an invaluable medicine, which I recommend to my numerous acquaintances, and they are very large. I hope this hasty sketch may be as much benefit to you as the medicine has been to me.

EDITORIAL EVIDENCE.

The editor of the *American Courier* writes as follows:—"We have examined a number of letters, which may be called certificates, in reference to the cure of this most distressing and terrible disease,—as performed by the medicine prepared by Mr. S. S. Hance, of Baltimore, and advertised in detail, in another column of this paper, and can confidently commend it to those who have friends or relatives suffering from Epilepsy, or Falling Fits. The letters invariably speak in the most sanguine and grateful terms of the results of the medicine; one, from Plymouth, Luzerne county, Pa., ordering a supply, says—'I am much encouraged, as I have not had a fit since I last wrote you.'"

And again—

"Among all 'the ills that flesh is heir to,' there is perhaps none more distressing than that of Epilepsy. The constant dread of attack, together with the prostrating and terrible nature of the disease, conspire to render a panacea, a desideratum most devoutly to be wished, and such an one it is believed and confidently asserted, will be found in the preparation offered in this paper by Seth S. Hance, Baltimore."

☞ As these Pills are composed of some of the most expensive materials in the Materia Medica, it will be impossible to leave them around the country on agency, as common Patent Medicines usually are. But in order to let the afflicted in the most remote parts of the country have a chance to obtain them, they will be sent by mail, FREE OF POSTAGE, to any part of the United States, or any country with which the United States has postal arrangements, on the receipt of a remittance.

PRICES—Vegetable Extract Epileptic Pills, $3 per box, two boxes for $5, or $24 per dozen.

☞ ALL ORDERS must be addressed post-paid, to

SETH S. HANCE,
108 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.

☞ UNPAID LETTERS not taken from the office.

# Foreign Sketches.

## SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

### Vienna Within the Walls—Volksgarten—Mosaics—Theresa and the Costume—The Burial.

After a long silence, I take up my pen, to put myself once more in communication with the readers of the Post. Though absent for many months from the lively Austrian capital, I turn with grateful recollection to scenes of my pleasant hauntats there, and feel as if I could fill a column in no more agreeable way than by conducting my reader to the spots where the people are to be seen.

I have more than once intimated that the inner city of Vienna is by no means an attractive one. Along its crooked, narrow avenues, no trees offer their friendly shade, and their all is more repelling hints of a life outside of those hateful, cold walls. We will hurry away from the plethoric arteries of commercial life, through the Graben, the great street of shops and shoppers, through the Kohlmarkt, not less busy and still more bustling, and reaching the palace, plunge with the mass, beneath the heavy archway leading into the palace yard or Franzensplatz. Still the plain cold walls mock us, and we join the crowd again, and passing the gaily uniformed imperial guard, and through another gloomy arch, we come to the only green spot within the city walls. The refreshing, green sward invites to a roll and a romp with the children scattered upon it; but we are no longer children; we are no longer free. No, restless propriety is a hard master, and we obey. Through the bread-barred gate to the left we catch glimpses of flowers tempting us to a saunter among them. But the gate is shut, and we plebeians must remain outsiders. It is the imperial garden. Directly opposite, typical of the antagonism between the ruler and the ruled, stands the Volksgarten, the people's garden. This gate, ever open by daylight, shows us a pleasant vista of luxuriant trees and smoothly cropped lawn. We enter, for there are few places in or around Vienna more exciting to the stranger, or dearer to the citizen. Under the thick shades of its well-trimmed trees hundreds of seats are placed, and at all hours of the day, in spring and summer, the people may be seen sipping their coffee, or enjoying the delicious ices for which Vienna is celebrated. Not unfrequently, too, you may hear the strains of music from one of the many excellent bands of which Vienna is proud. Twice in the week, and upon all holidays, the people flock here in unwonted numbers, for the fashionable band of Strauss electrifies the music mad Viennese with the great composer's waltzes, or with favorite pieces from current operas. When the long summer days are over, and the approaching coolness of autumn admonishes the people to shun open-air concerts, they crowd into the long, low, semi circular building, which serves at once as a concert hall and a coffee house, where, from a rude, box-like stage the handsome hair of the name, fame, and genius of old John Strauss, commands the hands, brains, and lungs of his three brothers well to do. Meanwhile, in the body of the room reigns quiet and thronged, coffee, cream, and Cremona, the triune spell keeping the audience together.

But not music alone has its temple in this haunt of the muses. In the centre of the garden stands a modest but neat structure in the Greek style, devoted to the reception of one of the greatest productions which the chisel of modern art ever inspired—Canova's "Theseus killing the Centaur." The subject is not one belonging to the most pleasing class, and is the haunt of an inferior artist produces disgust, but the man of genius throws a charm around the terrible and catastrophic, and one lingers long before this magnificent group. I have never seen the head and the beautiful torso more nobly and sublimely executed

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1854.

# General News.

## WRECK OF THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA.

### DETAILED NARRATIVE.

The loss of two such noble vessels as the City of Philadelphia and the Arctic, in the same locality, and within so short a period of each other, has naturally awakened deep interest as to the cause of such disastrous calamities. Of the wreck of the former vessel, no succinct or satisfactory account has yet fallen under our observation; but the Boston Traveller has been favored by a gentleman who was a passenger, with the following narrative of the occurrence. He says:

"Our ship, the City of Philadelphia, was an iron boat, on the screw principle, of 2,154 tons burthen, 300 feet in length, and of beautiful model. This was her first trip, and she was placed for the voyage under the command of Capt. Leitch, a gentleman enjoying a very high character for nautical ability, and who has or had the entire confidence of the company. We left Liverpool for Philadelphia on the 30th of August, with nearly 600 passengers on board, about one-third of whom were German emigrants, who had been waiting about six weeks in Liverpool for her departure. She should have taken her berth on the 16th of the month, but on her passage from the Clyde was forced to put back, owing to her bearings getting hot, and on her second departure she got aground in the Clyde,—ominous circumstances both,—but she was got off, and finally took her berth in Liverpool, and began to load her cargo. I have seen it stated that was of great value (estimated at £60,000) but doubt the statement, for she had only a day and a half to load in, and she hauled out of the dock, leaving the City of Manchester, which was to sail in a week afterwards to bring a great bulk of the goods rolled upon the quay.

"We were blessed with pretty fair weather from the commencement, and for several days crowded all sail. The new steamer proved herself a fine steamboat, and up to the period of the catastrophe accomplished the very splendid average speed, as computed, of about 240 miles a day. We had to stay once or twice to let the bearings of the engine cool; but all was going merry as a marriage bell till midnight of the eighth day out, the 7th of the month, when she was within about three and a half days sail of the port of her destination. It had struck nearly all the passengers, however, that we had been steering apparently very much too far to the northward.

"The day preceding the disaster the wind had lulled, and we were proceeding with but little sail hoisted, but full steam power, at the rate of ten or eleven knots an hour. The night was misty, a sort of shifting fog, dense, perhaps, for a minute, and then clearing off and gathering again. The passengers had been singing each evening, but that night there had been more than usual of melodious merriment, springing, perhaps, from the cessation of seasickness, and the anticipated speedy termination of the voyage. About one third of the passengers were sitting up, the other having but shortly before retired to their rest, when, in the second mate's watch, the ship was shaken, broken, it almost appeared, by a tremendous bump upon the bow. This extinguished song, awakened the sleepers, and the blow being repeated in a very heavy, grinding, and unpleasant form, the females present began to utter a cry of indefinite alarm and apprehension, which ended in a shriek. The excitement was heightened by the hurried rush down the companion-way of several gentlemen who had been on deck, and who, half clothing themselves hastily, and taking money or other valuables out of their trunks, told those of us who had been sleeping, in a portentous whisper, that they were afraid it was all over; *we had struck upon a rock*.

"Oh, then and there was hurrying to and fro; and the deck was speedily crowded by the confused and excited mass, each eagerly inquiring from his neighbor, as ignorant as himself, the probabilities of our being lost or saved. The look-out was truly frightful. The ship lay cradled and heaving between two large ugly black rocks, her bow on, but stern in the water. She did not appear at all to relish her position, and destruction appeared imminent, when the Captain (happy thought!) gave instructions to 'back her.' All watched with breathless anxiety, the doubtful power of the engines, but the attempt was fortunately successful, and our ship was afloat again. But where were we? We had struck, as we afterwards learned, on some rocks lying off Cape Race, but we do not believe that even the officers knew in what locality we were. As the fog shifted, we could discern other rocks ahead, principally by the white foam that circled their base. Where were we to go? There was the rub. And must we not have sustained, even through the vessel's iron ribs, some very heavy leaks? We had indeed. She was leaking slowly, whilst an examination was made, which went to show that the water was rushing like a torrent into the fore part of the hold. Preparations were made for lowering the boats, and the Captain and officers were silent to all the queries of the passengers, who, in consequence, augured the worst.

"As many passengers as could be mustered, (but they were not many, as each was seeking some means of individual self-preservation,) were set to the pumps and the engine pumps were kept going, but they were next to useless, and the water visibly gained ahead. It was idle to think of stuffing such huge jagged holes as were discovered forward, and to put to sea would be to sink before shelter or assistance could be found. Under these circumstances Captain Leitch did the best which could be done, and duly appreciating the responsibility of having so many lives placed in his hands, concentrated with coolness all his efforts towards their preservation. He ordered the vessel to be moved on again slowly, resolved evidently to ground her, if shelter could at all be found. We crept our way up again, in consequence to the neighborhood of the seat of danger. We were evidently at the entrance of a bay, which proved afterwards to be Cleance Cove, the only shelter, we are told, for so large a vessel, which we could have found, on either side, for a distance of sixty miles, on that dangerous and rock-bound coast. Land was reported first on the larboard, then on the starboard bow, and finally ahead, but such land it appeared!—nothing but a mass of dark frowning rocks, which the passengers, in their affrighted state, thought not at all unlikely to be covered at high water by the sea.

"The rest of the narrative is brief. We made our way up the Cove, striking some small sunken rocks occasionally, evoking a slight shriek from the women, and a slight shiver from some of the men, but still, on the whole, the passengers behaved with admirable firmness. The vessel at length settled down in about 17 feet of water, on a half-sandy, half-rocky bottom, about 300 yards from the shore. She grounded exactly at the right time, for the water at that very instant, had risen to the height of putting out her engine fires. The night was calm, and we could not, under sail, have gone any further; but this was but one of the many providential circumstances that accompanied our wreck.

"As we have stated, some time before the boats had been got ready for slinging down, but it is with the best appliance a clumsy operation, and your Humane Societies could not do better than offer a premium for some invention that will expedite an operation on the speed and safety of which in such dreadful emergencies so many precious lives depend. A boat was sent to explore the beach, the crew of which hung up a lantern on a safe landing place that had been found; and by Capt. Leitch's orders, which were cheerfully acquiesced in, the women and children were first put ashore. A huge camp fire was soon lighted on the beach, around which the poor creatures, many in a half-dressed state, but with blankets around their shoulders, congregated in a state of great discomfort, but with thankful hearts. Fortunately not a life was lost.

"A word, however, before closing this, as to the cause of the accident. That, of course, is a question for nautical men only to decide, but we have spoken with many since the occurrence, all of whom have expressed their surprise that we should have got so far out of our course. First of all, we are afraid that this being the vessel's first trip, there was too great an anxiety to give her a character for speed. It is a common but questionable practice for the steamers bound from Europe to the American continent to sight Cape Race, and keep a Northerly course, despite the well-known dangers of the Banks, for the pitiful advantage of the few hours' headway to be gained by the currents and winds to be met with on the Newfoundland coast.

"Capt. Leitch obtained an observation of the sun each day from leaving Liverpool, except that before the disaster, when the weather was too hazy to admit of it. The writer of this asked him a few days after the wreck, his theory as to the cause of the disaster, but he professed himself perfectly at a loss to account for it. He stated that his chronometer was right, and he never in his life was more satisfied than he was that evening, as to the correctness of his course. The ship was of iron, and one probable cause may have been the variation of her compasses; but perhaps the most likely is that the ship, new and untried, ran at a greater speed than the log, too sparingly heaved, served to indicate, and like the Great Britain, she literally slipped out of her navigator's hands.

"One matter deserves public notice. There is a light house on Cape Race, but it shows no light, and has not done so for the last year or two. Why such a dangerous headland should be without such a beacon the proper authorities should explain."

CHANGE IN BRITISH LAW.—A change in the British law with respect to trials will commence from and after the 24th of October, when the common procedure act will come into operation. It is provided that a judge, by consent, may try questions of fact without a jury, provided the court upon a rule to show cause, or a judge, shall think fit to allow such trial, and the verdict of the judge is to be the same verdict of the jury, save that it shall not be questioned on the ground of being against the weight of advice, and the proceedings upon and after such trial, as to the power of the judge, the evidence and otherwise, shall be the same as in a trial by jury.

Mr. Godard, an aeronaut, ascended from New York, on Monday week, in a balloon, and was carried by a violent gale seven miles in five minutes, when he thought it time to descend.

Robert Schuyler, of "over-issue" notoriety, is said to be flourishing in Paris.

## A GOOD HIT.

In New York the businessmen are burlesquing each other. Some houses sent out by the *Asia* a very singular and prejudiced circular with reference to some staple. "Turveydrop & Brother" have issued *their circular*, which will be found below, touching the expected "persimon crop." It contains some genuine satire, with its very ludicrous and entirely contradictory statements. It is doubtless well understood by those whom it concerns, and will afford much merriment:

TURVEYDROP & BROTHER'S CIRCULAR, PER ASIA.

PERSIMONS.—The season having arrived when it is our usual custom to enlighten the public generally upon the growing crop of persimons, we beg leave to offer the following as the most reliable information we have been able to procure in relation to this most important crop. The home demand, which is usually active at this period of the season, is cut off by the prevalence of the cholera and other causes, dry weather, &c.; and the export inquiry is of course checked by the unfavorable tenor of the foreign advices. It is difficult to account for the depressed condition of the Liverpool persimon market at the last dates, if the monetary prospects so brilliantly set forth are reliable. An impression prevailed on the "flags" that the growing crop would be very large, the latter, of course, as they were advised that a persimon or two of the new crop, from some grower anxious for the distinction of having marketed the first persimon, had reached the ports, and consequently that there would be no period of light imports during the fall months. The crop prospects, to judge from the annexed extracts, are not quite so brilliant as advised a month since. The receipts of persimons are light everywhere, and the prevalence of the cholera (for which persimons are not an antidote) will delay consumption until a late period. These facts are well understood on this side, and tend to sustain prices, even in the absence of any home or foreign demand, one or two cents per quart above Liverpool prices. The stock in the hands of hucksters is, however, large, but is held firmly; at the same time, if holders wished to realize, they would be compelled to sell at prices upon a parity with foreign markets, say nine cents per quart for strictly acid persimons, now held at our quotations of 9½ cents. In regard to the growing crop, while we do not wish to be understood as advising a short crop, (which we most certainly do,) we confirm fully our views previously given, carefully revised from our Southern and Western friends, that the weather must be very favorable for the next two months to make a full average crop—say 3,100,000 quarts. We annex a few extracts: A large Missouri planter writes thus, under date of August 29: "I have 1,200 acres in persimons; my overseer says there is no prospect now of making a single persimon, as the trees are all dried up and withered, and besides have been dead two years." Another from Texas, 27th August, says: "If fire was set to my trees it would burn them up." Another planter writes: "The planters in this section say the crop will not be worth gathering." From Humberg, Georgia, a friend writes, under date of 1st September: "The prospect for the crop in the State was never good, and this year, if the present weather lasts, the picking could be made in thirty hours." Another leading planter in Simonville, Fla., says: "The look which was thought a month ago to be good for an abundant crop is now bad enough, and the chances are now against making as much as last year, when none was made." From a leading house in Persimon City, N. C., we are informed that accounts from all sections represent the crop as ruined by drought, too much rain, extremes of heat and cold; and what is left will be destroyed by the caterpillar, army and persimon worm. We could multiply extracts, which are all of one character, that come to us, but the above will suffice. Taking into consideration the truth of the foregoing, we cannot see but that a large advance must shortly take place in this staple, and we advise our friends to secure an interest early.

## NEWS ITEMS.

Six majestic elm trees, in front of a dwelling in Marlborough, Mass., have been insured by their owners in the sum of five hundred dollars, against loss by lightning or fire.

The Russian ship which took refuge some time ago in the Atlantic dock basin, New York, has been libelled for the value of provisions put on board of her at Liverpool. The captain cannot communicate with the owners in Russia, and don't know what to do. Even were the vessel offered for sale, it is doubtful whether a purchaser could be found.

Among the ladies who have achieved the ascension of Mont Blanc the past season, was a Frenchwoman, who, after reaching the summit, caused herself to be lifted upon the shoulders of her guides so that she might be able to boast of having been higher than any man in Europe.

The San Diego Herald publishes the following, written upon a young man who was accidentally shot:

"here lies the body of Jeems Hambrick
who was accidentally shot
on the bank of the pacus river
by a young man
he was accidentally shot with one of the large Colt's revolver with no stopper for the cock to rest on it was one of the old fashion kind brass mounted and of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Mr. Wm. W. Story, son of the late Justice Story, now in Italy, has finished a statue of his father, on which he has been for some time engaged. The statue has been shipped from Italy for America. It has been pronounced by judges who have seen it to be a perfect work of art.

The Chattanooga (Tenn.) Advertiser says L. Bordett, a stage driver, was arraigned before a magistrate in Nashville, a few days ago, on a charge of forsaking his own wife, and running off with the wife of Mr. Hunt, of Gallatin. With the hope of easily getting out of the difficulty, he pleaded guilty to the charge, but circumstances tending to the belief that he had robbed a *mail*, besides stealing a *female*, he was committed to jail in default of $2,000 security.

A lady advertises in the London Times for the address of another lady, with whom she was at school more than twenty years ago, that she may return to her old school-fellow the half crown which she stole from the schoolroom, and the sin of which burthens her conscience.

A lady of Charleston was suddenly taken ill recently. She had been engaged in preserving tomatoes in a copper or bell metal kettle, and partook of a small quantity of the fruit. A short time after she became distressingly dizzy and alarmingly ill. The verdigris from the metal doubtless caused the attack. An active emetic was given the sufferer, and the white of eggs administered, which happily effected speedy relief. Only foolish people use metal vessels of this kind.

Theodore S. Fay, United States Minister in Switzerland, has asked leave to visit New York in the ensuing spring. Mr. Fay has been abroad in a diplomatic capacity nearly twenty years.

The following are some of the items of the trade of Boston with the Mediterranean, during the year ending Sept. 1st, 1854: Lemons, 46,000 boxes; oranges, 74,000 do.; figs, 143,000 drums; usual import, 300,000 do.; 3,800 cases do.; raisins, 8,000 casks; usual import, 20,000 do.; 158,000 boxes do.; olive oil, 12,707 baskets, 412 casks; rags, 25,000 bales; sumac, 28,000 bags; wool, 22,370 bales.

Recent letters from England mention that Samuel Rogers, who is now over 92 years old, appears to have regained much of his strength, and may be seen taking a carriage airing in Regent's Park every fine day.

Recently, Mrs Lindley, the wife of David Lindley, who had been ten years his wife, and borne him seven children, all of whom were deceased, came to California to join him, were he was at work as an honest carpenter, and had sent for her, but upon arrival, for some unaccountable reason, she coolly told him that she had not come to live with him, but merely to take advantage of the law, and apply for a divorce. The result was a choking that Mr. Lindley gave his spouse, and a prosecution of that honest carpenter for an assault, which the Recorder dismissed.

A foreign paper of recent date, tells us that some workmen lately discovered in the state of Eggbuhl, near Zurich, belonging to Major Voegeli, a bronze mortar, bearing the initials of George II. of England, and having on it the following inscription in French: "Given to the royal regiment of Auvergne by General Washington, after the capture of the redoubts of Yorktown, in Virginia, Oct. 19, 1781." The regiment of Auvergne formed part of the troops commanded by General Lafayette, and it contained a considerable number of Swiss, very few of whom ever returned to their country. It is probable that one of these buried it for security before the battle fought between Massena and Korsakow.

Daniel Chandler, of Concord, N. H., has been *sentenced to the State Prison for life* on conviction of having altered a switch, which caused a train of cars to be thrown from the track of the Concord Railroad.

A filibuster party, organized at Louisville for some time, has been publicly announced by a card in the newspapers, as disbanded.

The object that attracted the most attention at the late Horticultural Exhibition in Boston, was a miniature peach tree, about two feet in height, growing in a pot, and laden with the delicious fruit.

A Madrid correspondent, describing the interest the poorer classes take in a bull-fight, says that a week or two ago, a man actually cut off his wife's hair while she was asleep, and sold it, in order to raise money for the purpose of seeing the fight.

Wm. Webster, an overseer on Col. Sothoron's plantation, in Charles county, Maryland, was shot dead recently, by one of the negroes under his charge.

A Wheeling (Va.) paper says, the first snow of the season fell there on the 6th inst.

On Saturday night week, two fellows were arrested in Boston, on the complaint of Michael Kiley, for assault, stealing weights from his store, and *destroying his peace of mind*, for which, no doubt, he gave them "a piece of his mind,"—and hence the assault. They were held to bail.

At the burning of the theatre in Boulogne, the Emperor Napoleon, who happened to be in the vicinity, hastened to the spot, and for two hours directed the proceedings to stay the conflagration.

A gentleman residing in the neighborhood of Cork, on walking one Sunday evening, met a young peasant girl, whose parents lived near his house. "What are you doing, Jenny?" he said. "Looking for a son-in-law for my mother, sir," was the smart reply.

Rev. Dr. Magoon, of New York, had taken passage by the Arctic, but afterwards concluded to await the sailing of the next steamer, and was thus saved from the fate of so many others.

A correspondent of the Salem Register recommends, as the price of butter is so high, the use of apples, either prepared by the baking or stewing process. The suggestion has not only the merit of economy, but of health. Apples, prepared in this manner, are far better than butter, unless fresh and of a superior quality.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

### SEBASTOPOL NOT TAKEN!

By the Africa, at New York, we have Liverpool dates to Oct 7.

Sebastopol is not taken; the reported destruction of the Russian fleet is false. No explosion of Fort Constantine has taken place, and Menchikoff has not surrendered. Omar Pasha's despatch proved to have been a forgery. The fighting in the Crimea continues uninterrupted, and Sebastopol is formally invested. A great sensation has been created throughout Europe by the contradiction of what all had hoped to be correct.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Sept. 30th, 9 o'clock, P. M. The allied armies established the base of their operations on Balaklava, on the morning the 28th, and were preparing to march without delay on Sebastopol. The Agamemnon, and other vessels of war, are at Balaklava, where the battering trains are being disembarked. It is stated that Menchikoff is in the field with 20,000 men, expecting reinforcements. Anapa has been burned by the Russians. Balaklava, which is occupied by the allies, commands the approaches to Sebastopol, which is considered to be invested. It is doubtfully rumored that the second line of defences has been carried.—The garrison of Anapa is marching to the scene of action. The French Ambassador at Vienna has telegraphed to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, on the 4th inst., that the intelligence of Omar Pacha was but an exaggeration of the battle of Alma. The Austrian Consul at Odessa telegraphs that the struggle recommenced on the 25th, and was continued. When the courier left, on the 27th, the allies were on the route to Baalbak, and were within ten miles of Sebastopol on the 27th.

MARSEILLES, Friday, Oct. 6.—The steamer Fury has arrived here from Constantinople, with Lord Burghers, bearer of despatches to the English Government. Sebastopol was invested on the 27th, and the second line of defence carried, when the city was entirely surrounded. Constantinople was illuminated in honor of the battle of Alma.

The Moniteur announces that the allies have made Balaklava, a place of some importance as a point from which the armies can communicate with the fleets. A safe road leads from it to Sebastopol. Menschikoff had been driven to a distance with the wreck of his army.

Generals Osten Sacken and Luders have entered Crimea with 40 battalions.

In the battle of Alma, 3,000 prisoners were taken from the Russians.

The Russian forces are now shut up in Sebastopol, and would be attacked by sea and land.

A private despatch says that the English loss at the battle on the Alma was close on 2,000 men; that of the French was but 1,400, but General Bonet was killed. The Russians numbered 40,000 men and 100 cannon.

Letters from Vienna, Oct. 2d, state, reliably, that the reserves of the allies were not brought into action. The English on the left wing, the Turks in the centre, and the French on the right wing, did their work so well, that the Russians never had a chance. The news that the English were at first repulsed, is not confirmed. At first, the retreat of the Russians was in good order; but as soon as the heavy artillery of the fleet (query?) began to play upon them, they fled precipitately. Menchikoff was chased by some chasseurs, and only escaped by the fleetness of his horse. The Russian loss is variously estimated at 6,000 to 10,000—the former being probably the more correct. Early in the day, Menchikoff had but 25,000 in his entrenched camp on the Alma; but having learned by his scouts that the allies were in such force, he brought up 15,000 more from Sebastopol. A large number of Poles deserted to the allies. The French loss was 1,400 men and 60 officers. The English lost 1,895 rank and file, 96 officers, 114 sergeants, and 23 drummers, killed and wounded. Both Marshal St. Arnaud and Lord Raglan issued orders of the day, praising the conduct of the troops under their command. St. Arnaud informed his men that he expected to lead them as conquerors into Sebastopol on the 3rd of October, the anniversary of the declaration of war. The Cunard steamer Andes conveyed 300 of the wounded to Constantinople, and the Vulcan steamer 320. The 7th, 23rd, and 33rd (British) regiments suffered most.

SPAIN.—Letters from Madrid, of Oct. 1st, state that disturbances had broken out at Malaga, Logrono, and Jaen. A "republican conspiracy" had been discovered. The Infante Don Enrique has been banished to the Balearic Islands. The Queen has returned to the Prado. The death of James Cargol, (so reported) the Carlist partisan, is confirmed. Seven of his band have been captured, and the troops are on the track of the remainder. Throughout Catalonia there is great activity among the Carlists, and trouble is apprehended.

ASIA.—Advices from Trebizonde, Sept. 16th, state that Gen. Andronikoff, with a superior force, had fortified himself at Urzughetti. The condition of the Ottoman army on the Tachurskoo, is not satisfactory. The Russian outposts had advanced to Cutschkiliss. Schamyl has abandoned his projected attack upon Tiflis, and will co-operate with the allies on the Circassian coast.

COTTON MARKETS.—Liverpool, Oct. 7th.—The sales of cotton for the week have been 66,000 bales, including 7,000 on speculation, and 8,000 for export. The market has been less active. The quotations are: Fair Orleans 6¼; middling 5⅞; fair Upland 6; middling 5½.

Flour is in fair request. Western Canal 3?s3?s.

LONDON, Oct. 6.—Baring Brothers' circular reports small sales U. S. Sixes at 107a108; Maryland 5's 84; Virginia 6's 90a92; Pennsylvania 5's, bonds, 81a83. The transactions in stocks are limited.—Money is in demand. American eagles are nominally quoted at 76s 3½d.

## POLITICAL NEWS.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Pollock's majority for Governor reaches 36,200. The Prohibitory Liquor Law is defeated by about 3,000 majority.

VERMONT.—Hon. Jacob Collamer, who has been chosen a U. S. Senator from Vermont, for the full term of six years from the 4th of March next, is a Whig, and was Postmaster General under Gen. Taylor. Lawrence Brainerd, chosen for the unexpired balance of Mr. Upham's term, is a Free-Soil Democrat. Both are Anti-Nebraskaites.

FLORIDA.—The election for Congress and Legislature has been favorable to the Democrats. The returns are not full, but sufficient to show Democratic gain enough to carry the State. The strong Whig County, Duval, has sent Melton Haynes and D. C. Prescott, two Democrats, to the Legislature. Maxwell, Democrat, is elected to Congress certain, and as the Legislature will be Democratic on joint ballot, Mr. Yulee, or some other prominent Democrat, will be sent to the United States Senate.

IOWA.—It is already known that the Anti-Nebraska members are largely in the majority in the lower House of the Iowa Legislature, but it has been asserted that the Senate is tied, or has one Democratic majority. Late Iowa papers correct this last error. The Dubuque Observer states that the Whig candidate in the Polk Senatorial district has the certificate, which gives an Anti-Nebraska majority of one; and the Burlington Hawk Eye mentions the return of a Whig Senator from California, who it was supposed would be absent. So that the majority will be on the Whig side.

NEW YORK.—Professor Morse, of electro-magnetic telegraphic fame, has been nominated by the Democrats of Poughkeepsie, to serve out Judge Dean's unexpired Congressional term.

MADE UP.—The Richmond Enquirer and Washington Union have compromised the dispute about Gen. Cass. They have united upon the following common ground, as laid down in the Enquirer:

"We are not so illiberal or so stupid as to exact of Northern men a rigid conformity to our own creed in respect to negro slavery. We were long since taught not to look Northward for rational views on this subject; and we are content to find in that quarter simple tolerance of our institutions. This is all we demand, and this is what Gen. Cass refuses to concede us. He might be ever so averse to slavery and we would not complain, if he would rigidly abstain from assailing it."

THE NEXT CONGRESS.—The elections which have taken place this year for members of the next Congress, have resulted as follows. We compare these results with the last Congress:

| | 34th Congress. | | 33rd Congress. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| States | Nebraska | Opp. | Nebraska | Opp. |
| Arkansas | 2 | — | 2 | — |
| California | 2 | — | 2 | — |
| Florida | 1 | — | 1 | — |
| Maine* | — | 1 | 3 | 3 |
| Vermont | — | 3 | — | 3 |
| Missouri | 7 | — | 6 | 1 |
| Pennsylvania | 4 | 21 | 16 | 9 |
| Ohio | — | 21 | 12 | 9 |
| Indiana | 2 | 9 | 10 | 1 |
| Iowa* | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| South Carolina | 6 | — | 6 | — |
| Total (11 States) | 25 | 61 | 58 | 27 |

* Fuller (Adm.) contests the seat of Milliken (Republican) from Maine; Clarke (Whig) contests Hall's (Adm.) seat from Iowa, who, it is said, has been returned by the State Canvassers.

Opposition majority 36; Nebraska majority in 33rd Congress, 32; Anti-Nebraska gain in 86 members, 68. Elections are yet to be held in twenty States, of which the non-slaveholding States choose 74 members, and the slaveholding States an equal number. The House of Representatives is composed of 234 members.

On the 7th of November, New York, New Jersey, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin, are to elect 51 members of Congress, and Massachusetts 11 Congressmen on the 13th.

THE "ELECTRICAL MOTOR" DESTROYED BY A MOB.—A letter from John M. Spear, published in the Spiritual Telegraph, contains the following information concerning the destruction of the machine built at Lynn, which was represented by its friends to be endowed with life, and was styled by some persons a "new Saviour."

"From the hour that it became publicly known that the Association of Electricisers had undertaken to introduce to the inhabitants of this earth a new motive power, the press and the pulpit have assailed, ridiculed and misrepresented it, until a public sentiment has been generated which encouraged the mob to assail and destroy it. It was moved, as you know, to Randolph, N. Y., that it might have the advantages of that lofty electrical position. A temporary building was erected to shelter it. Into that under the cover of the night, the mob entered, tore out the heart of the mechanism, trampled beneath their feet, and scattered it to the four winds.

A difficulty has existed for some time between the Trustees of the Catholic Church in Newport, Kentucky, and the Bishop, growing out of the latter being engaged in building a school-house on the church lot, without the consent of the former. The trustees applied for an injunction, which was granted by the Court. The Judge gave an opinion deciding that the Bishop had the right to appoint Trustees for the Church, and to use ground for church purposes only.

THAT ABOLITION LETTER.—The following is the letter found in the Jackson Post Office, which led to the expulsion of the New England schoolmaster from Jackson, Mississippi. It was written by the aforesaid schoolmaster to a friend in the North, but was deposited in the Post Office by mistake, without any direction:

"——— talks as if Mississippi is to be his future home. He appears pleased with all things—slavery not excepted. In my opinion he is one of those men (or going to be) who, cradled in the land of liberty—come here to give up their principles and become the warmest apologists and advocates of the cursed system of slavery. For Southern men born and nurtured in the midst of slavery, and even taught to believe it as right, and to uphold it, I have the deepest sympathy and respect; but for that Northern man whom education, conscience, and experience all teach him better, and yet who comes here and becomes the apologist for, and uses his influence in favor of slavery, I have the most unmitigated contempt. It is the basest sacrifice of principle to selfish ends, and proving recreant to that which every Northern freeman, especially, must feel and know is the vitality of our republic—the safeguard to society—the element of national prosperity in every institution that tends to elevate and dignify man.

"He who thus acts with his eyes open, and conscience goading him, willingly steps upon and crushes beneath his feet the poor and helpless masses, that he may rise and be a lord of the earth. There are thousands of this very class of Northern men in this country, and they have done more to perpetuate slavery than Southerners themselves."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

MAY be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots
Of DEXTER & BROTHER, *Nos. 14 and 16 Ann St., N. Y.*
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Of F. HAGAN & Co., *Nashville, Tenn.*
Of S. W. PEASE, *28 West Sixth St., and 29 East Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.*

Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or through their authorized travelling agents.

# Local News.

NATIONAL WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.—This Convention, which commenced its sessions at Sansom Street Hall, on Wednesday, and closed them on Friday of last week, was attended—forenoons, afternoons, and evenings—by large audiences of men and women of all ages and conditions. The following were the officers of the Convention:

President—Mrs. Ernestine S. Rose, of New York.

Vice Presidents—Lucretia Mott, of Philadelphia; Frances D. Gage, of Mo.; T. M. Higginson, Mass.; Martha C. Wright, New York; Thomas Garrett, Delaware; Hannah M. T. Cutler, Illinois; Robert Purvis, Pa.

Secretaries—Joseph A. Dugdale, Abby Kimber, and Hannah M. Darlington.

Business Committee—Lucy Stone, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Myra Townsend, Mary P. Wilson, Hannah M. Darlington, Sarah Pugh, Lydia Mott, and Mary Grew.

Finance Committee—Susan B. Anthony, James Mott, Ruth Dugdale, and Rebecca Plumley.

The principal lady debaters and orators, during the sessions of the Convention, were, Miss Lucy Stone, (who was attired in a neat black bloomer costume) Mrs. Emma R. Coe, Mrs. Lucretia Mott, Mrs. Frances D. Gage, Mrs. Tracy Cutler, Miss Anthony, and Mrs. Rose. The desires of the women composing this Convention are indicated in the subjoined resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we congratulate the true friends of woman upon the rapid progress which her cause has made during the year past, in spite of the hostility of the bad, and the prejudices of the good.

Resolved, That woman's aspiration is to be the only limit of woman's destiny.

Resolved, That so long as woman is debarred from an equal education, restricted in her employments, denied the right of independent property if married, and denied in all cases the right of controlling the legislation which she is, nevertheless, bound to obey, so long must this woman's rights agitation be continued.

Resolved, That in perfect confidence that what we desire will one day be accomplished, we commit the cause of woman to God and Humanity.

Resolved, That in demanding the educational rights of woman, we do not deny the natural distinctions of sex, but only wish to develope them truly and harmoniously.

Resolved, That in demanding the industrial rights of woman, we only claim that she should have "a fair day's wages for a fair day's work;" which is, however, impossible while she is restricted to a few illpaid avocations, and unable (if married) to control her own earnings.

Resolved, That in demanding the political rights of woman, we simply assert the fundamental principle of democracy, that taxation and representation should go together, and that if this principle be denied, all our institutions must fall with it.

Resolved, That our present democracy is an absurdity, since it deprives women of the political power which is allowed to her in Europe, and abolishes all other aristocracy only to establish a new aristocracy of sex, which includes all men and excludes all women.

Resolved, That it is because we recognize the beauty and sacredness of the Family, that we demand for woman an equal position there, instead of her losing, as now, the control of her own property, the custody of her own children, and finally, her own legal existence—under laws which have all been pronounced by jurists "a disgrace to a heathen nation."

Resolved, That we urge it upon the women of every American State—first, to petition the Legislature for universal suffrage and a reform in the rights of property; second, to use their utmost efforts to improve female education; third, to open as rapidly as possible new channels for female industry.

SHOPLIFTING AND PRECOCIOUS MATRIMONY.—A singular instance of female depravity has recently been brought to the notice of the police. For the last eighteen months, a girl named Mary Ann Galway has been in the employ of Mr. Baum, in Eighth street above Arch, of Mr. John Kiehl, in Arch street, between Seventh and Eighth, and during the last four weeks, in the dry-goods establishment of Mr. George Fryer, in Chestnut street, below Tenth.

During these eighteen months Mary Ann seems to have had very costly clothing for herself, and to have made numerous presents to her dress-makers and acquaintances. On entering the store of Mr. Fryer, she presented his child with a beautiful handkerchief, the value of which is estimated at $45. Mr. Fryer naturally inquired how she came by such a costly article. She said that her mother held a very responsible and lucrative situation in the Girard House, in this city, and her aunt the same kind of a situation in the St. Nicholas Hotel, New York, and that one of them had given her the handkerchief. As she was a poor girl, she said, she did not like to keep such a handkerchief. This explanation was received as satisfactory at the time. But on last Saturday night, Mary Ann was detected in the act of secreting some fine laces, and the expiration of the affair only induced Mr. Fryer to have the young lady taken into custody. Since that event, startling developments have been made. It appears that during the last eighteen months, this young lady has been carrying on shoplifting by the wholesale, and with a success almost unparalleled by a female. She has taken from the various stores in which she has been employed patterns, silk dresses, merinoes, laces, handkerchiefs, and other goods, amounting in value to hundreds of dollars. Her plan of action was to represent to her companion saleswomen that the goods had been purchased, and were to be sent for. The packages were laid aside until boys called and transferred them to the houses of acquaintances of the young lady, to whom she had made them presents. Goods, amounting in value to from $250 to $350, have been recovered by the police, and they expect to recover $100 worth more. She appears to have scattered her favors in every direction, giving away that which did not belong to her, with a most royal hand.

But this is not all of the story. Mary Ann exercised her fascinating powers over a mere lad, 17 years of age—a clerk in one of our well-known jewelry stores, secured his affections, and lastly, they were, upon false representations of age to Alderman Thompson, united in marriage. The lad belongs to a very respectable family, who cannot but grieve deeply at such a connection.

Mary Ann must answer for their misery, and to add to her troubles, she is now in an "interesting situation"—not meaning the custody of the authorities. The case is an extraordinary one, and must excite the public attention.—*North American.*

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 164—Adults 79 and children 85.

# The Markets.

## PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, October 19, 1854.

REMARKS—There has been but little activity in the market during the past week. Among the jobbing houses there has been rather more business doing, but otherwise the transactions have been limited. Bark is in demand, but the stock is about exhausted, and there is little or none arriving. In Breadstuffs there has been a better feeling. Supplies both from the South and the interior continue to come forward very slowly, and for Flour and Wheat a further advance in prices has been realized. Corn has been in good demand, and the decline noted last week has been recovered. Cotton meets a limited inquiry at former rates. Coffee is dull and lower, but for Sugar and Molasses prices are steadily maintained, and there is but little of either left in first hands to operate in. In Fish and Fruit the sales have been unimportant. Hemp is dull. Hops have declined. The Iron market is dull, and the sales have been only in small lots from stores. In Naval Stores and Oils no change worthy of notice. Plaster is in fair request. In Rice there has been more doing. Seeds are very quiet. Wool is in limited request, but prices are unchanged. Freights are dull.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The receipts of Flour are exceedingly light, and the stock is small. There has been very little export demand, but holders have again put up their prices 25c per bbl. The sales for shipment amount to only 4,000 bbls standard and good brands at $8.25, including some Brandywine at $8.25a8.50; 1,500 bbls Richmond on private terms, and 1,000 bbls extra at $8.50a9.12½. At the close to-day $8.50 was the general asking rate for standard brands. Sales of middlings have been made at $6.50 a7. There is a steady demand for home consumption, within the range of $8.50a9.50 for common and extra brands, and fancy lots at higher figures. Rye Flour is scarce; small sales at $6.37½a6.50.—Corn Meal has slightly improved; sales of 1,000 bbls at $4.12½ per bbl for fresh ground Pennsylvania and $4.50a4 for old stock, and $4.50 for Brandywine.

Inspections of Flour and Meal for the week ending the 19th inst. were as follows:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Barrels of | Superfine Flour | 7,743 |
| Do | Fine | 68 |
| Do | Middlings | 28 |
| Do | Rye | 148 |
| Do | Corn Meal | 791 |
| Do | Condemned | 22 |
| | Total | 8,801 |

GRAIN.—There has been an active demand for Wheat during the past week, and prices have again advanced 5a8c per bushel. Sales of 40,000 bushels ordinary and prime red at $1.80a1.85, mostly at the latter figure, and white at $1.90a1.95. Rye is scarce and in demand; $1.15 for Southern, and $1.17a1.18 for Northern. Corn is in good demand, and 30a40,000 bushels good yellow sold at 82 cts, including some weavily at 75a80; white at 80c, and now at 75c. Oats are dull, and Southern have declined to 44a46c per bushel.

PROVISIONS.—There is but little inquiry for Pork, and prices rather favor buyers. Small sales of Mess at $13.50a14 per bbl, on time. There is but little Prime offering. City packed Mess Beef is held at $17.50, cash, but sells only in small lots for ship stores. Bacon.—The market has been very quiet since our last notice, but prices remain without change. Small sales of Hams at 11a13c for plain and fancy canvassed. Sides at 8½c, and Shoulders at 7½c, all on time. Lard.—There has been little inquiry. Sales of bbls at 11c per lb, on time, and kegs at 11½c. Butter is in rather better demand. Sales of solid packed at 14a16c per lb, cash. Roll is scarce. Cheese sells at 11a11½c.

AMERICAN FABRICS.—Prices are steady for Cotton Goods, but Woollens are somewhat unsettled.

BARK.—Quercitron Bark continues in demand at $28 per ton; but the stock is about exhausted, and there is none coming in. Some holders will not accept this price. Tanner's Bark is scarce, and wanted.

BEESWAX.—Small sales of good yellow at 28a29 cts per lb, cash.

CANDLES.—The demand is limited for all descriptions, but prices remain without change; small sales of Sperm at 30a31c, and Adamantine at 24a28c per lb, 4 mos, as in quality.

COAL.—The recent cool weather has caused a better demand for home consumption, but there has been less inquiry for shipment. Prices, however, remain without change. There is but little Bituminous Coal arriving, and it is wanted at 23 cts per bushel.

The following is a report of shipments of Coal from Richmond, for the week ending the 14th inst.:

| Ships | Barks | Brigs | Schrs | Sloops | Boats | Destination | tons |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | 7 | 49 | | | Boston & vicinity, | 9,807 |
| | | | 30 | | | Conn. & R. Isl'd, | 5,203 |
| | | | 2 | | 32 | N. Y. and vicinity, | 6,248 |
| | | | 3 | | 8 | North River, | 1,744 |
| 1 | 1 | | 15 | 19 | 10 | Southern Ports, | 4,911 |
| 1 | 1 | 7 | 99 | 19 | 50 | | |
| | | | | | | Tons for the week | 27,978 |
| | | | | | | Total for the season | 1,152,317 |
| | | | | | | Same time last year | 929,153 |
| | | | | | | No of vessels for the week | 162 |
| | | | | | | Total for the season | 7,173 |

COFFEE.—The market has been dull since our last notice. The stock has been increased by the arrival of two cargoes of Rio at the close of last week, and prices have declined. Sales of 2,000 bags Rio at 10a11c per lb, on time, closing at 10a11½c.

COPPER.—Sheathing Copper sells slowly at 33c per lb, 6 mos, but Yellow Metal is in good demand at 27c.

COTTON.—The Baltic and Africa's advices are rather favorable, but they have had little or no effect upon our market. The receipts continue very small, and the stock is much reduced, but prices are steadily maintained. Sales of 700 bales Upland at 9a11½c, and New Orleans at 9½ up to 12c per lb, on time, as in quality.

The receipts of Cotton up to the latest dates, at all the ports, give the following results:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Decrease—New Orleans | | 2 15,069 |
| | Mobile | 8,404 |
| | Savannah | 29,842 |
| | Charleston | 42,870 |
| | Florida | 29,084 |
| | Virginia | 4,481 |
| | North Carolina | 9,511—359,263 |
| Increase—Texas | | 21,819 |
| | Total decrease of the season | 337,444 |

The foreign exports this season, as compared with last, will exhibit a decrease:

| | |
|---|---|
| Decrease—To Great Britain | 131,939 |
| To France | 53,041 |
| To other foreign ports | 22,679 |
| Total decrease | 207,649 |

The decrease in coastwise exports is 70,176 bales. The increase in stocks, at all the receiving ports is 2,592 bales.

DRUGS AND DYES.—There has been a fair trade doing. Sales of Soda Ash at 2¼a2½c; Sal Soda at 1½c, and Liquorice Paste at 23c per lb, on time.

FEATHERS.—Continue scarce and good Western are wanted at 41a48 cts per lb, cash and on time, at which figure 3a3,000 lbs have been disposed of.

FISH.—Prices of Mackerel are steady. The stock continues light and there are but few arriving.—Small sales of large No 1 from store at $19; No 2 at $17, and No 3 at $9a9.25 per bbl. Prices of Cod fish and Herring are unchanged. A sale of pickled Herring was made at $4.75 per bbl.

FRUIT.—An invoice of Sicily Lemons sold at the close of last week on private terms. There have been no arrivals of foreign Fruit since and there has been but little doing. Small sales of Bunch Raisins at $2.50a2.75 per box. Dried Apples and Peaches meet a limited inquiry at our last quotations. Cranberries range from $7 to 9 per bbl.

GINSENG.—Is scarce, and no transactions have been reported.

GUANO.—The season for Guano is about over, and there is little or nothing doing. We quote Peruvian at $45.50a48 per ton.

HEMP.—Is very quiet, and no sales have been reported.

HIDES.—Are dull. An import of Laguayra has arrived, and partly disposed of on private terms.

HOPS.—Are lower. Sales of new Eastern and Western at 30a40c per lb.

INDIGO.—Is held firmly. A sale of Bengal at $1.20 per lb, now held higher.

IRON.—The market has been dull, and the only transactions reported are small lots of Anthracite from store at $30a37 per ton, 6 mos, for No 1; $35 for No 2, and 500 tons No 3 Forge at $33, 6 months. Blooms are scarce, and range from $80 to 90, 6 mos. Scotch Pig is dull, and prices favor buyers. In Manufactured Iron there is a steady business doing at our last quotations.

LEAD.—Is scarce, and no further sales of Galena have been reported. A lot of Spanish sold on private terms.

LEATHER.—There is a steady demand for Slaughter at former rates, but Spanish Sole is neglected.

LUMBER.—Of all descriptions is dull, but prices remain without change. Small sales of Laths at $2a2.25 per M. Pickets range from $8 to 9.

MOLASSES.—There has been nothing doing, owing to the want of stocks to operate in, and prices remain unchanged.

NAVAL STORES.—There has been but little doing. Small sales of Rosin, part from vessel, at $1.50a2 per barrel for Common, and $2.25a3.50 for Soap, as in quality. Tar and Pitch sell only in small lots at our last quotations. Spirits of Turpentine is in steady demand at 54a56c cash and on time, which is a decline.

OILS.—Prices of Whale Oil are firm, and for Sperm they are looking upward, in consequence of the high rate prevailing to the Eastward. There is a good store demand. Small sales of Winter Lard Oil at 90a95c, on time. Linseed Oil is held at 91a 92 cts.

The following are the imports of Sperm and Whale Oil and Whalebone into the U. States for the week ending the 16th inst.:

| | Bbls Sp. | Bbls. Wh. | Lbs Bone. |
|---|---|---|---|
| New London, Brig Georgiana | | 1,100 | |
| Total for the week | | 1,100 | |
| Previously | 68,117 | 311,918 | 3,423,477 |
| From Jan 1 to date | 68,117 | 311,918 | 3,423,477 |
| Same time last year | 86,398 | 250,642 | 5,080,705 |

PLASTER.—There is a steady demand, and further sales of Soft have been made at $3.25 per ton.

RAGS.—An import of 350 bales Sicily sold at a price kept private.

RICE.—There has been rather more inquiry, and prices are steady; sales in lots at 5¼a5½c per lb, on time, part from the wharf.

SALT.—No transactions have been reported since our last notice.

SEEDS.—There is but little Cloverseed offering. Small sales of new at $5.25 up to 6.50 per 64 lbs, as in quality. Timothy is dull. Small sales at $3.25a 5 per bushel for fair and prime quality. Flaxseed is in demand at $1.75a1.80, but there is little or none coming in.

SPICES.—Small sales of Nutmegs at $1a1.05 per lb, 6 mos.

SPIRITS.—There is a steady demand for Brandy and Gin at former rates. N E Rum has declined to 43c. Whiskey is unsettled. Sales at 38a38c in both hhds and bbls, with sales to-day at the latter figure.

SUGAR.—Prices are drooping, but there is little doing, and but little stock to operate in. Sales of 100 hhds New Orleans at 5a5½c per lb, on time, and some Havana brown and yellow at 6a7½c.

SUMAC.—Sales of 500 bags Sicily were made on terms kept private.

TALLOW.—There is a moderate inquiry for Rendered at 11a12½c per lb, cash, for Country and City Rendered.

TEAS.—Are in fair request, without change in prices.

TOBACCO.—Prices are steady for both Leaf and Manufactured, but there is a very limited business doing.

WINES.—Prices are looking upward, but the sales have been unimportant.

WOOL.—The market is rather firmer. The demand continues limited, but prices are steadily maintained. The sales amount to 70,000 lbs at 30 up to 45c per lb, 6 mos, as in quality. It is the general impression that prices have about touched bottom.

FREIGHTS.—To Liverpool are dull. 8,000 bushels Corn were taken at 3s3½d per bushel, and some Rosin at 2s per bbl. To San Francisco little or nothing offering. Colliers are in steady demand at $2 per ton to Boston, $1.50a1.65 to Rhode Island, and $1.10 to New York.—*Inquirer.*

## NEW YORK MARKETS, OCT. 21.

Cotton market is quiet. Prices unsettled.

Coffee—Market steady, with fair demand. Sales 1000 bags Rio at 10a11½c.

Flour.—Fair demand for Western and State, with light arrivals and small stock; prices 12½a25c better for better. The eastern demand is good for better grades. Sales of Western Canal are 4,400 bbls, and $8.25a8.50 for common to good State, and $8.25 a8.87½ for mixed to good brands. Michigan, Upper Lake and common to good Ohio at $10.25a10.50 for Genessee. Southern Flour 12½ better, and in good demand. Sales 3000 bbls at $8.50a8.87½ for mixed to good standard brands, and $9.25a9.62½ for fancy and extra. Corn Meal quiet at $4.37½a4.43 for Jersey. Buckwheat Flour good request, and very plenty at $3.87½a4.25.

GRAIN.—Wheat much unsettled; supply moderate; sales of 3,000 bushels ordinary red Southern at $1.80a1.85, and 2,500 bushels inferior white do at $1.70. Barley is decidedly better, the supply light, and demand fair, sales 3,000 bushels at $1.37½. Corn is better and in good request; sales 60,000 bushels at 79a79½ for unsound, and 79½a81c for Western mixed.

HOPS.—The demand for the home trade is very light, but for export there is a fair inquiry at steady prices; sales 50 bales Eastern and Western at 30 40c as to quality.

PROVISIONS.—Fair demand for Pork, and the market is better; sales of mess at $12.25a12.37½. Beef dull and heavy at the decline; sales of country mess at $11, re-packed Chicago at $14. Butter is more plenty and in fair demand at 13a18c for Ohio, and 18a22c for State. Lard is steady at 9½a10c. Cheese selling at 9a10½c.

WHISKEY.—Fair demand; sales 300 bbls at 35c for Jersey, 36a36½c for Ohio, and 36c for Prison.

## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Twenty-five cents a line for the first insertion.
Twenty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.
Double column Advertisements, a price and a half.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

CIRCULATION BETWEEN EIGHTY AND NINETY THOUSAND.

☞ Persons purchasing articles advertised in our columns, will confer a favor by mentioning that they saw the advertisement in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

M'LANE'S WORM SPECIFIC.

☞ The following, from a customer, shows the demand which this great medicine has created wherever it has been introduced:

BLOSSBURG, Tioga Co., Pa., March 30, 1850.

*Gentlemen*—In consequence of *the great consumption* of your "Worm Specific" in this place and vicinity, we have entirely exhausted our stock. We should feel obliged by your forwarding, via Corning, N. Y., 30 dozen, with your bill, on the reception of which we will remit you the money.

From the wonderful effects of said "Specific" in this neighborhood, there could be sold annually a large quantity, if to be had, (wholesale and retail) from some local agent. If you would compensate a person for trouble and expense of vending, I think I could make it to your advantage to do so.

Yours, respectfully, WM. M. MALLORY,
MESSRS. J. KIDD & Co. Per W. E. PORTER.

☞ Purchasers will please be careful to ask for Dr. M'Lane's Celebrated Vermifuge, and take none else. All other Vermifuges, in comparison, are worthless. Dr. M'Lane's genuine Vermifuge, also his Celebrated Liver Pills, can now be had at all respectable Drug Stores in the United States and Canada. 31

EMPLOYMENT.—Young men in every neighborhood may now have healthful, pleasant and profitable employment, by engaging in the sale of our new and valuable Books, and canvassing for our valuable Family Journals. For terms and particulars, address, post paid, FOWLERS AND WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, New York.

All who engage with us will be secured from the possibility of loss while the profits will be very liberal. oct7-4t

## ALMANAC.

| Oct., 1854. | SUN RISES | SUN SETS | HIGH WATER | MOON'S PHASES | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | | D | H M |
| 28 Saturday, | 6 45 | 5 15 | 8 19 | | | |
| 29 Sunday, | 6 46 | 5 14 | 9 16 | | | |
| 30 Monday, | 6 47 | 5 13 | 10 2 | | | |
| 31 Tuesday, | 6 49 | 5 11 | 10 58 | | | |
| 1 Wedn'day, | 6 50 | 5 10 | 11 45 | Full | 4 | 4 16 |
| 2 Thursday, | 6 51 | 5 9 | 12 31 | Last | 12 | 5 23 |
| 3 Friday, | 6 53 | 5 7 | 1 10 | New | 20 | 5 40 |
| 4 Saturday, | 6 54 | 5 6 | 2 49 | First | 26 | 9 51 |

# Marriages.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Fort Howard, Sept 26, by the Rev. J. Porter, Mr. HAZEN MOOERS, of Green Bay, with Miss HELEN MARTHA, second daughter of Maj. E. SHALER, of Fort Howard.

On the 11th inst. by Friends' Ceremony, in the presence of Ald. Davis, PAUL JONES FRY, to HANNAH ANN, daughter of James Hutchinson, all of this city.

On the 16th inst. by Robt. T. Conrad, Mayor of Philadelphia, in accordance with the order of Friends, CHARLES S. CORNBAY, of Springfield, Ills. to LIZZIE G. RIDGWAY, daughter of the late Joseph Ridgway, of this city.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. ROBERT PARKS, to Miss ANNA E. GRANT, both of this city.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. J. A. Roche, Capt. JOSEPH WESTCOTT, to MARY H. HART, both of Philadelphia.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Baldwin, Mr. SAMUEL W. YATES, to Miss JANE P. CONLY, both of Philadelphia.

By the Rev. John G. Coleman, Mr. JAMES BAYNE, Jr. to Miss MARY A. JONES, all of Philadelphia.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. Mr. De Witt, Mr. WILLIAM HAYS, to ANNA MONTIETH, all of this city.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. H. A. Hunter, Mr. JOHN P. HINKLE, to Miss ALATHEA ELIZA, daughter of Jacob Harsaw, all of this city.

At Centreville, Ind. on the 14th inst. by the Rev. F. G. Black, Mr. WILLIAM A. WOLFERSBERGER, of Philadelphia, to Miss SALLIE J. DENWIDDIE, of the former place.

In Camden, on the 17th inst. by the Rev. Thos. Goodwin, Mr. ISAAC B. JESS, to Miss MARIA E. FORD, both of Camden.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. Wm. H. Benade, Mr. EDWARD TOMLINSON, of Conshohocken, to Miss FANNIE F. BANES, of Philadelphia.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. A. Brown, of Conshohocken, Mr. WILLIAM B. WHITECAR, Jr. of Philadelphia, to Miss JULIA HUBBELL, of Conshohocken.

On the 12th inst. by the Rev. Wm. Hoekel, Mr. JOHN W. BREEN, to Miss JANE V. JONES, both of Philadelphia.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. Wm. H. Furness, Mr. LAWRENCE RAMEY, of Radnor, Del. county, to Miss JANE ENGLISH, of this city.

# Deaths.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 18th instant, JOHN GILLAM, infant son of Jos. and Cassander Peck, aged 1 year and 1 month.

On the 18th inst. ELIZABETH CONRAD, aged 71.

On the 17th inst. Mrs. SARAH J. ADAMS, aged 65.

On the 17th inst. VAN ROOM E. SCHMITZ, aged 2 years and 7 months.

On the 17th inst. HARRY WINFIELD, son of John and Sarah A. Nickel, aged 9 years.

On the 18th inst. RICHARD COTTERALL, aged 88.

On the 18th inst. Mrs. BRIDGET E. FITZGIBBONS, aged 43 years.

On the 17th inst. Capt JOSEPH WALKER, aged 56.

On the 17th instant, JAMES C. WATSON, aged 20 years.

On the 18th inst. MARY, wife of Jas. Armstrong, aged 39 years.

On the 18th inst. MICHAEL FEENEY, aged 36.

On the 18th inst. JOHN, son of John and Margaret Kelly, aged 16 months.

On the 17th inst. CHARLES STRATTON, aged 24 years.

On the 19th inst. WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, aged 24 years.

On the 18th inst. Miss SARAH RUSH, aged 56.

On the 17th inst. HARRY J. son of Danl and Elizabeth Buck, aged 3 years.

On the 16th inst. Miss CAROLINE, daughter of the late John and Catharine Fisher.

On the 19th inst. Hon. WILLIAM WILKINSON, Ex-Mayor of the Northern Liberties, aged 62 years.

On the 17th inst. WILLIAM, son of Lewis and Elizabeth Wernle, aged 11 months.

On the 17th inst. THOMAS CADLEY, aged 26 years.

On the 16th inst. SARAH A. D. CONNELLY, aged 27 years.

On the 16th inst. Mrs. SARAH DEVER, aged 54.

On the 15th inst. CATHARINE JUNFURT, aged 34 years and 3 months.

On the 15th inst. WILLIAM CASS, son of Rachel and Daniel Hart, aged 6 years.

On the 15th inst. DOROTHY STROUP, aged 10 years.

On the 14th inst. JACOB THOMAS, aged 87 years.

On the 16th inst. JAMES NUGENT, aged 24 years.

On the 16th instant, MICHAEL G. son of the late Michael Herrick, aged 2 years and 2 months.

On the 18th inst. JOHN P. LAVY, son of Washington and Martha Owens, aged 2½ months.

On the 15th inst. JOSEPH, son of Sarah and the late Samuel Alexander, aged 5 years.

On the 14th inst. ELIZABETH B. daughter of Henry and Emeline Kirby, aged 17 years.

On the 15th inst. Mrs. MARY McCAFFERTY, aged 40 years.

# Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY I. CRAVEN & Co., BROKERS, *No. 324 South Third Street.*

PHILADELPHIA, October 28, 1854.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| **PENNSYLVANIA** | | **VERMONT** | |
| Philadelphia Banks | par | Bank of St Albans | ½ dis |
| U S Bank notes | 18 dis | All solvent Banks | ½ dis |
| Harrisburg | ½ dis | **CONNECTICUT** | |
| Chambersburg | ½ dis | All solvent Banks | ½ dis |
| York | ½ dis | Bk N Ame Seymour | ½ dis |
| Gettysburg | ½ dis | **MASSACHUSETTS** | |
| Carlisle | ½ dis | All solvent Banks | ½ dis |
| Middletown | ½ dis | Dorchester and Milton | |
| Brownsville | ½ dis | stolen notes | no sale |
| Pittsburg | ½ dis | Cocn'te Bk Bost | 50 dis |
| Washington co | ½ dis | **RHODE ISLAND** | |
| Honesdale | ½ dis | All solvent Banks | ½ dis |
| Waynesburg | ½ dis | Phoenix B'k, Westerly, | |
| Erie | 1 dis | stolen notes | no sale |
| All other sol'nt Bks | par | **CANADA** | |
| Relief notes | ½a1 dis | Montreal | 1½ dis |
| **NEW JERSEY** | | **VIRGINIA** | |
| Trenton, M't Holly, | | Bk of Va & brch's | 1 dis |
| Burlington, Medford, Sal'm, Bridgeton, Camd'n, Princ'ton, Bord'to'n & Eg Co | par | Far Bk & brch's | 1 dis |
| Public Stock Bank, | | Valley Bk & brch's | 1 dis |
| Belvidere, | 25 dis | Ex Bk & brch's | 1 dis |
| Plainfield | closed | Wheeling | 1 dis |
| State Bk Morris | do | **NORTH CAROLINA** | |
| Coml Bk Perth Amboy | do | All solvent Banks | 1½ dis |
| Peoples Bk Patterson | do | Small notes | 2 dis |
| N Hope Del Bridge Co | do | **SOUTH CAROLINA** | |
| Yardleyville do | 10 dis | All solvent Banks | 1 dis |
| New Brunswick | ½ dis | Small notes | 1½ dis |
| Newark | ½ dis | **GEORGIA** | |
| Morris co | ½ dis | All solvent Banks | 1 dis |
| Middletown Point | ½ dis | Bk St Mary's | 55 dis |
| Orange | ½ dis | Small notes | 2 dis |
| Belvidere | ½ dis | **ALABAMA** | |
| Rahway | ½ dis | Bk of Mobile | 1½ dis |
| Dover | ½ dis | Country Banks | 3 dis |
| All New Jersey secured by stocks | ½ dis | **MISSISSIPPI** | |
| **DELAWARE** | | All Banks | uncertain |
| All solvent Banks | par | **LOUISIANA** | |
| Bk Milford | failed | All solvent Banks | 1½ dis |
| Under 5's | ½ dis | **OHIO** | |
| **MARYLAND** | | Ohio Savings Bk | failed |
| Baltimore Banks | ½ dis | Bk of Wooster | 80 dis |
| Mineral Bk | ½ dis | Bk of Norwalk | 60 dis |
| Cecil co | ½ dis | All solvent Banks | 2 dis |
| Frederick co | ½ dis | Small notes | 2 dis |
| Cumberland | ½ dis | Bk Masillon | failed |
| Washington co | ½ dis | **KENTUCKY** | |
| Hagerstown | ½ dis | Com Bk Ky | failed |
| Salisbury | ½ dis | All solvent Banks | 2 dis |
| Havre de Grace | failed | Small notes | 2 dis |
| Far & Millers | failed | Newport Sal Fd bk | failed |
| Far & Mec Bk Kent Co, Md | failed | **INDIANA** | |
| **DIS. OF COLUMBIA** | | All solvent Banks | 2 dis |
| All solvent Banks | ½ dis | Free Bank | 10 dis |
| **NEW YORK.** | | Small notes | 3 dis |
| City Banks | par a½ | Washtenaw | no sale |
| Solvent co Bks | ½ dis | Bk Connersville | failed |
| Suffolk Bank | failed | **ILLINOIS** | |
| 8th Avenue Bank | failed | Bk of Illinois | 30 dis |
| Knickerbock Bk | failed | State Bk do | 70 dis |
| James Bk | 25 dis | Good Free Bks | 1a3 dis |
| New Rochelle | 30 dis | **MISSOURI** | |
| Far Bk Onondaga | 25 dis | All solvent Banks | 1 dis |
| Bk of Owego | redeemed | **TENNESSEE** | |
| Mer & Man Bk City | | All solvent Banks | 2½ dis |
| Oswego | 35 dis | Small notes | 3 dis |
| Redeemed—Drover's Bk | 20 dis | East Tennessee | 3 dis |
| Ogdensburg | 20 dis | F & M, Memphis | failed |
| Bk Carthage | 20 dis | **MICHIGAN** | |
| **MAINE** | | Gov't Stock Bk | 1½ dis |
| Mercan Bk Bangor | 1½ dis | All solvent Banks | 2 dis |
| All other solv't Bks | ½ dis | Erie & Kalamazoo | |
| Monsum River Bk | failed | Bank | 60 dis |
| Ellsworth Bank | failed | **ARKANSAS** | |
| **NEW HAMPSHIRE** | | All Banks | no sale |
| All solvent Bks | ½ dis | **WISCONSIN** | |
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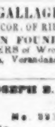

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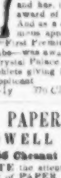

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CLARKSBURG, Va., November 15, 1852.

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Yours, respectfully.

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DIMNESS OF VISION AND DEBILITY.

PITTSBURG, Dec. 17, 1852.

DEAR SIR—I enclose you five dollars for two boxes more of your VEGETABLE EXTRACT EPILEPTIC PILLS. I want them for a friend of mine, who has Fits; they have entirely cured me. I was afflicted for many months with pains in the head and dimness of sight, together with great nervous debility, so much that it was with much difficulty for me to walk or sleep about. My digestive organs, also, were much deranged. I used quite a number of remedies, but received little or no benefit until I took your EXTRACT PILLS, which have restored me to more than my usual health. I am now enjoying better health than I have done for a number of years. I am now 60 years of age. I believe them to be an invaluable medicine, which I recommend to my numerous acquaintances, and they are very large. I hope this hasty sketch may be as much benefit to you as the medicine has been to me.

EDITORIAL EVIDENCE.

The editor of the *American Courier* writes as follows:—"We have examined a number of letters, which may be called certificates, in reference to the cure of this most distressing and terrible disease,—as performed by the medicine prepared by Mr. S. S. Hance, of Baltimore, and advertised in detail, in another column of this paper, and can confidently commend it to those who have friends or relatives suffering from Epilepsy, or Falling Fits. The letters invariably speak in the most sanguine and grateful terms of the results of the medicine, one, from Plymouth, Luzerne county, Pa., ordering a supply, says—'I am much encouraged, as I have not had a fit since I last wrote you.'"

And again:—

"Among all 'the ills that flesh is heir to,' there is perhaps none more distressing than that of Epilepsy. The constant dread of attack, together with the prostrating and terrible nature of the disease, conspire to render a panacea, a desideratum most devoutly to be wished, and such an one it is believed and confidently asserted, will be found in the preparation offered in this paper by Seth S. Hance, Baltimore."

☞ As these Pills are composed of some of the most expensive materials in the Materia Medica, it will be impossible to leave them around the country on agency, as common Patent Medicines usually are. But in order to let the afflicted in the most remote parts of the country have a chance to obtain them, they will be sent by mail, FREE OF POSTAGE, to any part of the United States, or any country with which the United States has postal arrangements, on the receipt of a remittance.

PRICES—Vegetable Extract Epileptic Pills, $3 per box, two boxes for $5, or $24 per dozen.

☞ ALL ORDERS must be addressed, post-paid, to SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.

☞ UNPAID LETTERS not taken from the office. aug5-3m

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY ROSS, CAMBLOS & CO., STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKERS, No. 26 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm:

| | Bid. | Asked. | | Bid. | Asked. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| US 6's '56 | 104½ | — | P Township | 34 | 38 |
| " '62 | 112½ | — | Girard | 12½ | 12¾ |
| " '67 | 117½ | — | Western | 70½ | 72 |
| " '68 | 117½ | — | Man & Mechs | 29 | 30 |
| " '65 | 107 | — | Bk of Com | 69 | 71 |
| Philada 6s | 92 | 92 | Camden N J | 60 | — |
| " 5s | — | 83 | Georgetown | 63 | 65 |
| " 6s/Gas | 92 | 93 | Trent Bk Co | 34 | — |
| County 5s | 80 | — | Pitt'bg Bk | 55½ | 57 |
| Penna 5s | 100 | — | M & M Pitts | 58 | 60 |
| " 5s | 80 | — | Exch'ge, Pitts | 56 | — |
| Kentucky 6s | 107 | — | Com, Cin | 15 | — |
| Tennessee 5s | 93 | 94 | Louis, Ky | 103 | — |
| Illinois 6s | — | — | Kentucky Bk | 103½ | 104 |
| Cincinnati 6s | 96½ | 98 | Northern | 108 | — |
| Texas T Notes | 39 | 40 | Union, Tenn | — | 84 |
| " Bds 5s | 50 | — | Plant's, Tenn | — | 84 |
| Schuyl N 6s | 75½ | 75¾ | Vicksburg | 10½ | 10¼ |
| Lehigh N 6s | 91 | 92 | Com, Natches | — | — |
| " Int Loan | 96 | — | N O Gas Lt | 110 | — |
| " Mort 6s | 94 | 95 | Schuyl Nav | 23½ | 24 |
| C & D C'l 6s | 85 | 88 | " pref'd | 32½ | 32¾ |
| C & Am R Bds | 86 | 87 | Lehigh Nav | 61½ | 70 |
| Rea Mdw R 6s | 82½ | 84 | C & Del Cal | — | — |
| Susqueh Cl 6s | 64 | — | Morris Cl | 13 | 13½ |
| Norrist'n R 6s | 96 | — | Penn&Ohio Cl | 20 | — |
| Harris R 6s | 88 | 88½ | Union Cl | 10½ | 10¾ |
| Wil R 6s | — | 98½ | Cam&Am R | 145 | — |
| Read R 6s | 79½ | 79 | Penna R | 43½ | 43½ |
| " Mort 6s | 83½ | 84½ | Rea Mdw R | 77½ | 78 |
| U S Bk Shares | 2 | — | Lykens Val R | 15 | — |
| N Amer Bk | 140 | 143 | North Am Cl | — | 14 |
| Penna Bank | 114 | 115 | Susqueh Cl | 10 | 11 |
| Philadelphia | 131½ | 135 | Norristown R | 57 | 57½ |
| Far & Mec | 70 | 71 | Harrisburg R | 53½ | 54 |
| Commercial | 59 | 60 | Reading Road | 32½ | 34 |
| N Liberty | 50 | — | Wilmington R | 32 | 34 |
| Mechanics | 30 | 30½ | Minehill R | 60½ | 60¾ |
| Southwark | 70 | — | N Liberty Gas | 30 | 30½ |
| Kensington | 70 | 71 | N W Mu Co | — | 2 |
| | | | L'g Island RR | 14½ | 14¾ |

# Selected Poetry.

## THE EARLY DEAD.

[We find in the Boston Times the following beautiful lines inscribed to the friends of the late Mr. Thomas Hart, formerly of this city. Mr. Hart has left behind him a large circle of friends, both here and in Boston, who will rejoice to see this most fitting tribute to his memory.—*Portland Advertiser.*]

Weep for the early dead!
To ease the anguished heart of its wild pain,
Let the swift tears, like falling autumn rain,
In unrestrainable be shed.

Weep for yourselves alone—
Not that a loved one, freed from sin and tears,
Shall bow benceforth through the eternal years,
Low at our Father's throne.

Weep for the love that gave
It genial sunlight to time's darkened way;
Fond and endearing, strengthening day by day,
Through suffering, to the grave!

Joy that the soul is free!
That the worn frame hath laid life's burden down;
That a fair, noble brow hath now its crown
Of immortality.

How beautiful is Death,
When round the fainting lips an angel's smile
Seems deepening with a holier light the while,
As ebbs the weary breath.

How blessed is life's close;
The heart by cares no longer is oppress'd,
And mankind's hands lie folded o'er the breast,
As with a child's repose.

The fair earth groweth dim—
Soon the white footsteps of the wintry storm
Stirring now leaves above his sleeping form,
Shall hymn his requiem.

And Spring shall come again,
With sudden smile—prophet of glorious hours;
And Summer, on her throne of blushing flowers,
Resume her charmed reign.

And yet he shall not wake!
The soul that shares Heaven's gladness far away,
Would ne'er reanimate the sleeping clay,
E'en for the mourner's sake.

Turn then in faith to Heaven.
Think of that home where those who part in pain,
By suffering sanctified, shall meet again,
Where endless rest is given.

# Original Sketches.

## LIFE'S CHANGES IN PRAIRIE LAND.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY AUNT ALICE.

They will certainly be the death of me those closed blinds and darkened parlors. I am suffering for fresh air; yes, longing to breathe it in my own rooms, and those of my neighbors away out here on our prairie, where it can be had at any time, if fashion would permit. Oh! for the good old times, not very long past, when our best rooms were thrown open, and the sun let his curtains allowed to flutter in the breeze from early morning until late at night. Bright fires then decorated our mantel pieces, and the open fireplaces were filled with fresh green boughs, while the hearth brushed rosy red, after being well rubbed with a soft brick, dipped in some milk, and a grim black board hedge the friendly-looking fireplace from view, and paint of the same color covers the tidy hearth; no flowers are left in our rooms—they are said to be unhealthy; and so they are, when shut up for days together in a close room. Ladies used to always take their sewing into the parlor, after dinner, and, seated near a window, they would receive the approach of a visitor by a cheerful smile ere they reached the gate. Now, all that is past. You may make a call at the most approved hour: all is still around; every blind close shut. One would think the house uninhabited, only that we know this is fashion.

Before you reach the first step, you meet a mourner in the shape of a patent scraper, which warns you to carry no mud on to the steps. Then, on the door-sill, lies a gay-looking mat, which says, as plainly as can be, "Leave your dust with me." You now suppose you can knock at the door; but not so; the door is covered with green blinds, and you must pull the little white knob at the side, and wait with what patience you can. If there is no sign of life in the course of fifteen minutes, you may leave your card on the door-mat, (very "mournful") and walk silently away; and this is a call to be returned in the same manner—in the course of a year! Should it not be termed a *call to rest?* But now suppose you are more fortunate; and, after waiting until your patience is nearly exhausted, you at last hear a step, and one-half of the said green blind is opened—(showing that you are only half welcome)—and you are invited, if you can squeeze through, by a girl, who has been called from the kitchen for the purpose, and who has hastily tied on a clean apron over a much soiled dress. Now you are in the hall, and the half-door closed behind you; all is darkness. You feel the girl brush past you, and, opening another door leading to more intense darkness, she asks you in, and in you go, stumbling over chairs, ottomans, &c., &c., until you are brought up against the centre-table with such force that all the ornaments thereon jingle in chorus, as if to welcome a visitor to their lonely cell. In the meantime, the girl feels her way to a window and, turning a slat or two, lets in a streak of light—very faint, but very acceptable. You now give your name to the girl, and, feeling about for a seat, you again wait in awful silence the appearance of your friend. Slowly you hear her descend the stairs—slowly cross the hall. She enters the room with a soft, gliding step, and a soft, set smile on her countenance and, as she offers her cheek for your salute, she says, "Oh, I am so happy to see you!" And do you believe it? Can you, after all this ceremony? No—during all that call, you are thinking of the great change that has taken place in matters and things, of late years—of the great improvement (?) in your friend. But still, somehow, you long to hear her old hearty laugh, and to see her group of little honey, half clad, happy children, come bounding in, as of old. But that cannot be. They, too, are improved, and taught to move like clock-work—regularly wound up—and allowed to step out of the nursery just so often in the twenty-four hours. Poor things! I pity them! No longer do the boys dare roll on the long grass! No more do their pantaloons are too white for that and the girls are entirely too much fixed up to play. No more roguish smiles from under old battered up bonnets; their hair is now combed from the forehead, and drawn back so tight as to keep their eyes wide open; and such large bows of ribbon at the back of the head as to give them the appearance of tipping over backwards. And the lady mother will not now permit a loud laugh or a playful movement; "tis so rude." And yet it does seem to me that I have seen this lady full as happy when she was singing gaily over her wash-tub, or carrying her bebee out for a walk in the pleasant evenings, long years ago. I admit has crept in amongst us. The Bokin gentleman seems only out of place here, but she is a tyrant who ever has been, and ever will be, obeyed. All this you think over, as you walk home, after making what is called a pleasant call: and you sigh as you think of life's changes, and of the unnatural improvements in Prairie Land.

LAST BEAVERS.—It is a curious fact, says a trapper, that among the beavers there are some that are lazy, and will not work at all, either to assist in building lodges or dams, or to cut down wood for their winter stock. The industrious ones beat these idle fellows, and drive them away; sometimes cutting off a part of their tail, and otherwise injuring them. The "persecuted" are more easily caught in traps than the others, and the trapper rarely misses one of them. They only dig a hole from the water running obliquely towards the surface of the ground twenty-five or thirty feet, from which they emerge, when hungry, to obtain food, returning to the same hole with the wood they procure, to eat the bark. They never have dams, and are sometimes to the number of five or seven together; all are males. It is not at all improbable that these unfortunate fellows have, as in the case with the classes of many species of animals, been engaged in fighting with others of their tribe, and after being conquered and driven from the lodge have become idlers from a kind of necessity. The working beavers, on the contrary, associate males, females and young together.—*Audubon and Bachman.*

THE FIRST UMBRELLA.—A work has recently been published in Philadelphia, called *Old Scotstoun*, being a history of Presbyterianism beyond the Alleghanies, which gives a good many curious incidents connected with the early settlement of the West. Among other things it gives an account of the appearance of the first umbrella.

"When the first *umbrella* made its appearance at Chartiers, it was in the hands of a lady, who passed near where the Doctor was standing conversing with others. He inquired: 'Who, woman was that with a petticoat wrapped round a stick?'"

# City Scenes.

## THE SMOKE NUISANCE.

A NUISANCE THAT CERTAINLY OUGHT TO BE ABATED.

# Selected Articles.

## THE EDUCATION OF BOYS.

There is one matter in which some excellent parents are vastly guilty. They think they "give their boys a chance," while they insist upon such employments as are calculated to make them dullards, drones and dyspeptics.

Take a case. Sam is a fine stout lad of a dozen years. He has a strong frame, full round cheeks, but rather a thick head his good mother fears. She suspects that while they lived in the country he was neglected, since now he shows a more decided taste for running in the street and for play than for any school book he brings home with him. Being an attendant upon one of the best of our public schools, he spends five hours of each day in the school-room; but to be entirely punctual, he must leave home at 8 o'clock in the morning. A brief recess is all the chance he gets to "cruise" or "cut up" until he gets home at 3½ or 4.

Then Sam is dispatched to take it easy awhile, but the spirit of the age has got into our mothers and fathers, and Sam's parent shames him out of his laziness. He dashes into the street, and with a hurra! is off among the other lads on a chase. But boys will ramble if they run hard, and pantaloons will tear if they are violently strained. By the time the tea-bell rings, or a little after, the young "rip" comes in with beads of sweat on his forehead, broken pants and a shoe sole off. Perhaps he has rubbed the skin off of his hand or blackened his eye in his rough play, but he'll not complain of them. Sam's poor mother is in distress. Her boy is a sight—a scare-crow, she is afraid. Poor woman, she sighs over her dull boy, and wishes he would take to his study as her neighbor's boy does, who is two years younger and two classes ahead of him. With the lighted lamp Sam snatches up his new magazine, or the paper to read where the fire was. But little comfort gets he of it in reading. The anxious mother hints and coaxes, and at last compels him to get his school-books. At it he goes sluggishly, and at it works sleepily, but at last succeeds. He has learned his spelling lesson, with an absurd definition for each word; his geography lesson—which happens to be the names of the South American rivers; his grammar—which was to remember a page of unintelligible formulas; his history—which was a compilation of dates; and his Arithmetic—any one of whose sums his father, though just from the counting-house would hesitate to do without a slate. He pokes off to bed an hour past the time when he should go, and is up early to go the same round again. Saturday he writes composition and copies, and steals all day. Sunday, he blacks his shoes, goes to two meetings and two Sunday-schools, gets a sly taste of the Arabian Nights while pretending to be asleep, and *so ends.*

Now, mother, is this the way for your stout boy to get an education? Probably, in spite of your bad management, he will continue in health, obtain exercise enough by stealing it and get along well. But what fully possesses you? You could not sit five hours on the counter-parlors seat and in the lily-ventilated room, that Sam is caged in five days out of the seven. You could not, to save your best ring from pawn, commit to memory those definitions that disgrace the spelling-book this long time. You could not learn and keep in memory the catalogue of names that compose his geography lessons. Your head would ache well-nigh to splitting, to spend as many hours a day poring over books as he does.

Take a different course and see how he improves. Give him a nice breakfast before he goes to school, and do not trouble yourself to have him prime lunch for his recess. When he gets home, don't let him look for a book unless he begs with tears in his eyes to do so. Send him into the street with full permission to run his eyes out if he chooses. Don't worry if he cries aloud, spares not, and yells like an Indian, while playing. Every whoop he gives saves him another month from consumption, and there is no harm in it unless the M. F. objects or the next neighbor is nervous. If he allows any boy to out run him, shame him for his sloth. When he comes in to tea his appetite will require a bear's. Let him eat then. When the father leans back to tell a story, let him hear it out and enjoy it. Encourage him to tell his story too: why it is thus he will learn the eloquence you so much envy for him. When the family gathers around the table to work and read, set him at his lessons. His active mind will grasp now in an hour what he would dose over for three hours but for the after school racing and play. Let him read a little in the book he prefers when the lessons are learned, and then get him early to bed. Let the Saturday's lessons be very short and his play spell long.

"But he will tear his clothes to rags." Well what are trowsers worth by the side of health? What are shoes, which are but the skins of dead cattle, compared with elastic and excellent spirits?

"But he will grow rude and unmanageable. He will run with bad boys to learn their wicked ways." Keep an eye on him then. Learn the names of the boys he goes with, and get him to tell what he has been at every tea-time. not as a spy or a judge, but because you are interested in his sports. It will do a deal towards keeping him within bounds and making him honest to read you. Boys cannot grow in flower-pots, nor shut out from sun and air. They must have exercise or grow up sinners. School them as much as you choose, but with ribbons or muscles and nerves that are as tender as those of a broken tooth, uneducated Young America will lay them passing on their backs. The education we advise would give them rousing appetites, but when they eat potatoes and beefsteaks into hard boy's flesh, you make a capital investment.—*New York Times.*

A LEAF FOR THE VEGETARIANS.—Dr. Ballantine, in his recent work, entitled "The Water-Cure in Consumption and Scrofula," remarks that "herbivorous animals are more afflicted with tubercular disease than carnivorous. It is also a fact that butchers, who use much animal food, are seldom consumptive. Unless well managed, and in very robust constitutions, vegetarianism tends to produce an excess of the albuminous element of the blood, and a deficiency of its fibrine, iron and red particles, imparting a paleness and flabbiness to the tissues, a general delicacy of look, and a want of stamina and power of energetic endurance. This state is a matter of matters assuredly verging on to the pathological condition of the fluids characterising the scrofulous constitution. Hence the necessity for caution in vegetarian experiments. Let me not, however, be misunderstood as unconditionally decrying vegetarianism.... There is much good in it, but it is capable of as great abuses, quite, as an unmixed diet. Having experimented carefully on myself, for two years, with vegetarian diet, I consider myself qualified to give counsel on the subject. It will not do for all healthy people, nor as an indiscriminate recommendation to invalids. In the hands of a physician, it is a potent auxiliary of his art. But there is a time to eat animal food. The grand questions are the measure and proportion of it—when to stop, and when to recommence, and how far to go." Dr. Ballantine, though fully sensible of the advantages of daily ablution, either in cold or tepid bath, yet very justly condemns the quackery that professes to cure *all diseases* by means of water.

## HYDROPHOBIA.

A work has lately been published on the diseases of dogs, and the treatment, from which we extract the following description of the manifestations of hydrophobia. It is done with that degree of sympathy and particularity as to make one almost feel it must have been written by a dog, who had the disease, for which, the author of the work says, there is no cure:

"It is no pleasure to a dog to go mad. Quite the reverse. Dreadful as hydrophobia may be to the human being, rabbies is worse to the dog. It makes its approach more gradually; it lasts longer; and it is more intense while it endures. The dog that is going mad feels unwell for a long time prior to the full development of the disease. He is very ill, but he does not know what ails him. He feels nasty; dissatisfied with everything; vexed without a reason; and, greatly against his better nature, very snappish. Feeling thus, he longs to avoid all annoyance by being alone. This makes him seem strange to those who are not accustomed to him.

"The sensation induces him to seek solitude. But there is another reason which decides his choice of a resting place. The light inflicts on him intense agony. The sun is to him an intolerable nuisance, and that with which they are unceasingly wheeled through space, the mind is struck with solemn awe at the mighty power of the great Creator, who has made huge Jupiter to revolve once on his axis in ten hours, and through which he can make a 6,685 miles an hour, or fifteen times the velocity of a locomotive running at the rate of 300 miles an hour.—*Scientific American.*

## THE GROOMSMAN TO HIS MISTRESS.

BY THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.

Every wedding says the proverb
Makes another, soon or late;
Never yet was any marriage
Entered in the book of Fate;
But that names were also written
Of the patient partner's mate.

Blessings then upon the morning
When my friend, with fondest look,
By the solemn rites' permission,
To himself his mistress took,
And the Destinies recorded
Other two within their book.

While the priest fulfilled his office,
Still the ground the lovers eyed,
And the parents and the bridemen
Aimed their glances at the bride.
But the groomsmen eyed the virgins
Who were waiting at her side.

Three there were that stood beside her:
One was dark and one was fair,
But near fair nor dark the other.
There her golden head her
Neither dark nor fair I call her
Yet she was the fairest there.

While her groomsmen—hail I sing it!
Yes, to thee, and only thee—
Gazed upon this dark-eyed maiden
Who was fairest of the three.
Thus to-night! How blest the bridal
Where the bride were such as she!

Then I mused upon the adage,
Till my wisdom was perplexed,
And I wondered, as the churchman
Dwelt upon his holy text,
Which of all who heard his lesson
Should require the service next.

Whose will be the best occasion
For the flowers, the toast, the wine?
Then per-chance my fancied lady,
Or, who knows?—it may be mine
What if I were—forgive the fancy—
What if I were—both mine and thine?

☞ Passing down West Broadway, the other afternoon, we chanced to hear the subjoined dialogue between two ladies of color—"I sees, Missus Jousing, dat you's got anudder white gal workin for you." "Yes, child, I've had her done free weeks!" "What de cause for your preference, oh dese gals, honey?" "Why, the fact, my when you got one ob de colored gals, dey links dat's an okality, and makes themselves too familiar like; but dese white gals don't, dey keeps 'em place!"

# For Housekeepers.

PUMPKIN PIE.—Stew the pumpkin dry, and make it like squash pie, only season rather higher. In the country, where this real Yankee pie is prepared in perfection, ginger is always used with other spices. There, too, part cream and part milk is used with the pumpkin, which gives it a richer flavor. Roll the paste rather thicker than for fruit pies, as there is but one crust. If the pie is large and deep, it will require to bake an hour in a brisk oven.

SWEET POTATO PUDDING.—Boil one pound of sweet potatoes, very tender, and press them, while hot, through a grater—the finer the better. To this, add half a dozen eggs, well beaten, three-quarters of a pound of fine sugar, three-quarters of a pound of butter, some grated nutmeg and lemon rind, and a glass of old brandy. Put a paste in the dish, and when the pudding is done, sprinkle the top with white sugar, finely pulverized. This is a dish fit to grace the table of an Apicius.

TO MAKE TOMATO TART.—Roll out your flour dough into very thin flakes, and place them on your bake plates; then cut your tomatoes into thin slices, and spread them over this dough *thinly*. Take two table spoonfuls of good brown sugar, and one table spoonful of cinnamon bark; mix, and spread over each plate of tomatoes; bake well, but not too rapidly, and you will have a tart fit for the palate of an epicure. The fruit should be fine.

TO MEND BROKEN CHINA.—Take unslaked lime, made fine by pounding or grinding, which mix with the white of an egg to the consistence of starch or paint; thoroughly cleanse and dry the edges to be united, then apply the mixture to the parts to be cemented, place them together firmly, and let them become perfectly dry. Articles thus mended can be handled or washed without injury.

HOW TO PASS THROUGH SMOKE.—In the course of an inquest held in London lately, Mr. Wakely, the coroner, observed that it would be well to acquaint the public with the fact that if persons in a house on fire had the presence of mind to apply a damp cloth or handkerchief to their mouth and nostrils, they could effect a passage through the densest smoke; but the surest way would be to envelope the head and face completely in a damp cloth.

BEST VINEGAR.—Take a bushel of sugar beets fresh from the ground, wash and grate them. Press out the juice, which will amount to about six gallons, and put it in an empty and perfectly sweet barrel. In a fortnight you will have an excellent article of vinegar, and as pleasant as that from cider or even wine.

MILK PORRIDGE.—Take a pint of milk and water, equal quantities of each, put two spoonfuls of flour with cold milk, and turn it into the boiling milk and water. Let it boil up three minutes, season with salt or sugar and nutmeg.

TO FRY FISH.—Take as much lard as is required to completely cover the fish; heat it very hot, and having rolled the fish in Indian meal, put them in and fry till done.

TO CLEAN TIN.—Never use key to clean tin—it will soon spoil it. Make it clean with soda, rub with whiting, and it will look well, and last longer.

# Wit and Humor.

## EVERY MAN HIS OWN LAWYER.

### SELF-DEFENCE TRIUMPHANT.

At the last term of the Orange County, New York, Court, the following case was tried, upon which the jury was addressed by the defendant, who had conducted his own case in his own defence:

*The People vs. James Allerton.*—This was a very interesting case, rendered so from the fact that the defendant acted as "his own lawyer" on the trial, without having the advantage of being one of the legal fraternity. His "summing up," of which we are able to give nearly a verbatim report, with the exception of the "acting," was decidedly rich, and afforded much amusement for the legal gentlemen present. The defendant, who is a small, red-faced, fun specimen of a Yankee, was indicted for an assault and battery on one Mr. Dodder. The facts, as divulged upon trial, are briefly as follows:

The defendant is in the employ of the Mongaup Valley, Forrestburg and Port Jervis Plank Road Company, as a toll gatherer, and resides upon the road, some miles above Port Jervis. He and the complainant, Mr. Dodder, are near neighbors.

On a Sunday in February last the defendant saw the complainant, in the act of beating his [defendant's] cows along the highway, and as an inducement for him to quit, hurled a few stones at him, one of which, as the complainant testified, struck him on the back of the neck.

The testimony being concluded, the defendant addressed the jury as follows:

*Gentlemen of the Jury!*—I don't know much about law, and since the trial has been going on I have concluded that I ought to know a little more. I ought to apologize, perhaps, for appearing in my own defence, and will do so by telling you that I feed one lawyer, and hired another, in this case, but they both come up missing when I need them most. I suppose I might have secured the services of some of these other "limbs of the law," that I see around me, but having been cheated by two of 'em, I concluded to go it "on my own hook," and here I am! I want to tell you gentlemen, before I go farther, that it is not my fault that this case is here taking up the time of this honorable court. I think you will give me credit for telling the truth, when I say that it ought to have been tried before a Justice of the Peace, it being better adapted to the capacities of such a court. But as it is now here, of course is not straight. How could it be, since it is doubtful at this period whether he sees at all? His desire is to journey canonical. If no one notices him he gladly passes by them. He is very ill. He cannot stay to bate. In fact, anything suppresses his desire to be well, as if by impulse, snap; as a man in a similar state might strike, and tell a person to get out of the way.'

"He may be slain while on these excursions, but if he escapes he returns home and seeks the darkness and quiet of his former abode. His thirst increases, but it comes the swelling of the throat. He will plunge his head into water, no ravenous is his desire; but not a drop of the liquid can he swallow, though its surface is covered with bubbles in consequence of the efforts he makes to gulp the smallest quantity. The throat is enlarged to that extent which will permit nothing to pass. He is the victim of the most horrible inflammation of the stomach, and the most intense inflammation of the bowels. His state of suffering is most pitiable. He has lost all self-control, and is raving in grief. He flies at and pulls to pieces anything that is within his reach. One animal in this condition, being confined near a fire, flew at the burning mass, pulled out the live coals, and in his fury scrunched them. He emits the most hideous cries. The noise he makes is incessant and peculiar; it begins as a bark, which sound, being too torturing to be continued, is quickly changed to a howl, which is suddenly cut short in the middle and so the poor wretch at last falls, fairly worn out by a terrible disease."

## HOME INFLUENCE.

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All thy restless yearnings it would still.
Loud and fierce, and idler lore are preaching
Those evil spirits, though unable fire to kill.

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## THE POSSIBILITIES OF RAILROAD SPEED.

A paper was lately read by Judge Meigs, before the American Institute Farmers' Club, at New York, upon the subject of rapid railroad travelling, and in which he said:

"I have, with others, admired the progress made in velocity on railroads up to even one hundred miles an hour on straight rails which has been done in England. But I entertain views of railroad velocity far beyond any yet ventured to be expressed. The Emperor of Russia has taken the first great step towards what I deem to be the ultimatum of railroad travel.

"Instead of cutting a narrow alley through the country, or going around everything to the way of a straight line—he has cut a broad way five hundred miles, from St. Petersburg to Moscow—he has made it all the way two hundred feet wide, so that the engineer can see everything that comes on the road.

"Such is part of the future; the railroad from point to point a mathematical line; the rails ten times stronger than any now used; the locomotive on wheels of far greater diameter, say twelve or fifteen feet; the gauge of a relative breadth; the signals and times perfectly settled; the road, walled on both sides, during the transit of trains barring the gates of the walls all closed. Then, instead of one hundred miles an hour, we shall easily travel three hundred miles an hour! I will not pretend now to say more—one hundred seems fast enough; so did twenty, a few years ago; and now, on very straight rails, or some straight runs, we do travel sixty miles an hour in this State, and in England, one hundred miles have been accomplished.

"Mathematical precision and time will solve this problem—a passage from New York to San Francisco in ten hours!"

We have no doubt of one hundred miles an hour, being a perfectly practicable railroad speed, by the building of such railroads as those described by the Judge, and this opinion we expressed in the columns of the Scientific American *some years ago.* But three hundred miles an hour inclines us to the fogy side of the question. This speed would require a piston velocity of 3,300 feet per minute, of eighteen inch stroke, if the driving wheels were twenty-four feet in circumference, (nearly eight feet in diameter—whoppers) and they would have to make 1,100 revolutions per minute. As the wheels cannot turn round without steam, the query with us is, the means of raising the steam necessary to perform this feat, as the boiler would have to evaporate near a ton of water per minute—sixty in the hour. So far as it relates to the final velocity of steam in a vacuum, the speed of three hundred miles an hour could be obtained, but how can such a quantity of steam be evaporated in a locomotive boiler, in this space of time? Judge Meigs may perhaps be able to answer us. With respect to the velocity of bodies, our ideas are bounded by what has been performed before our eyes,—the flight of the swallow, the pigeon, the eagle; but when we look to the heavenly bodies and calculate the inconceivable velocities with which they are unceasingly wheeled through space, the mind is struck with solemn awe at the mighty power of the great Creator, who has made huge Jupiter to revolve once on his axis in ten hours, and through which he can make a 6,685 miles an hour, or fifteen times the velocity of a locomotive running at the rate of 300 miles an hour.—*Scientific American.*

## THE GROOMSMAN TO HIS MISTRESS.

BY THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.

Every wedding says the proverb
Makes another, soon or late;
Never yet was any marriage
Entered in the book of Fate;
But that names were also written
Of the patient partner's mate.

Blessings then upon the morning
When my friend, with fondest look,
By the solemn rites' permission,
To himself his mistress took,
And the Destinies recorded
Other two within their book.

While the priest fulfilled his office,
Still the ground the lovers eyed,
And the parents and the bridemen
Aimed their glances at the bride.
But the groomsmen eyed the virgins
Who were waiting at her side.

Three there were that stood beside her:
One was dark and one was fair,
But near fair nor dark the other.
There her golden head her
Neither dark nor fair I call her
Yet she was the fairest there.

While her groomsmen—hail I sing it!
Yes, to thee, and only thee—
Gazed upon this dark-eyed maiden
Who was fairest of the three.
Thus to-night! How blest the bridal
Where the bride were such as she!

Then I mused upon the adage,
Till my wisdom was perplexed,
And I wondered, as the churchman
Dwelt upon his holy text,
Which of all who heard his lesson
Should require the service next.

Whose will be the best occasion
For the flowers, the toast, the wine?
Then per-chance my fancied lady,
Or, who knows?—it may be mine
What if I were—forgive the fancy—
What if I were—both mine and thine?

☞ Passing down West Broadway, the other afternoon, we chanced to hear the subjoined dialogue between two ladies of color—"I sees, Missus Jousing, dat you's got anudder white gal workin for you." "Yes, child, I've had her done free weeks!" "What de cause for your preference, oh dese gals, honey?" "Why, the fact, my when you got one ob de colored gals, dey links dat's an okality, and makes themselves too familiar like; but dese white gals don't, dey keeps 'em place!"

# DRAT THE FLIES!

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Against the tribe of insects that in autumn's tone
arise:
She clenched her fists and stamped her foot, and
cried, "Ah—drat them flies!"

"There ain't no rest, nor quiet, nor comfort to be
had
For them nasty filthy creatures; they're enough to
drive one mad;
They settle on our noses; they whizzes in our eyes;
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"They sticks in treacle, jellies, preserves, and sweets
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And they breeds their nits and hoppers, and chop-
pers in our hams,
They infests every cupboard; not a hole but where
they pries,
No crink not crank but they creeps through; ah—
drat them crawly flies!

"They downrods theirselves in milk-ings, and gets
into the tea,
In every sugar-basin there's always two or three;
We finds 'em in our puddins, we finds 'em in our
pies,
I've no patience with the rebels: ah—drat them
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"They ferrets into wardrobes, and there they spiles
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For 'tis my firm opinion 'tis they that breeds the
moth;
And tell me what you will, you won't persuade me
otherwise;
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I lays about fly-papers in every room in vain,
Catch hundreds and kill thousands, as many comes
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Just like them Russian locusses, which alike I
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# Wit and Humor.

## EVERY MAN HIS OWN LAWYER.

### SELF-DEFENCE TRIUMPHANT.

At the last term of the Orange County, New York, Court, the following case was tried, upon which the jury was addressed by the defendant, who had conducted his own case in his own defence:

*The People vs. James Allerton.*—This was a very interesting case, rendered so from the fact that the defendant acted as "his own lawyer" on the trial, without having the advantage of being one of the legal fraternity. His "summing up," of which we are able to give nearly a verbatim report, with the exception of the "acting," was decidedly rich, and afforded much amusement for the legal gentlemen present. The defendant, who is a small, red-faced, fun specimen of a Yankee, was indicted for an assault and battery on one Mr. Dodder. The facts, as divulged upon trial, are briefly as follows:

The defendant is in the employ of the Mongaup Valley, Forrestburg and Port Jervis Plank Road Company, as a toll gatherer, and resides upon the road, some miles above Port Jervis. He and the complainant, Mr. Dodder, are near neighbors.

On a Sunday in February last the defendant saw the complainant, in the act of beating his [defendant's] cows along the highway, and as an inducement for him to quit, hurled a few stones at him, one of which, as the complainant testified, struck him on the back of the neck.

The testimony being concluded, the defendant addressed the jury as follows:

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And them vexatious wasps, which also is about,
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"They sticks in treacle, jellies, preserves, and sweets
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And they breeds their nits and hoppers, and chop-
pers in our hams,
They infests every cupboard; not a hole but where
they pries,
No crink not crank but they creeps through; ah—
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"They downrods theirselves in milk-ings, and gets
into the tea,
In every sugar-basin there's always two or three;
We finds 'em in our puddins, we finds 'em in our
pies,
I've no patience with the rebels: ah—drat them
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"They ferrets into wardrobes, and there they spiles
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For 'tis my firm opinion 'tis they that breeds the
moth;
And tell me what you will, you won't persuade me
otherwise;
No, get along with you: I say, ah—drat them nasty
flies!"

I lays about fly-papers in every room in vain,
Catch hundreds and kill thousands, as many comes
again;
Just like them Russian locusses, which alike I
despise;
I can't sleep no more: ah—drat all them nasty
flies!"

# New Inventions.

## HARGREAVE'S CORN-HUSKING MACHINE.

Let none of our readers confound this with the corn-*shellers* that are so common, and in such general use. The corn-*husker* is quite a different affair, and intended for quite a different purpose. The *sheller* takes the corn ear, after it has been all nicely husked, removes the grain from the cob in a twinkling, and the corn is then ready for the market. The husking has always been done by hand—a slow and tedious method. In many parts of the country corn husking parties are still in vogue, wi erehy agriculturists seek to relieve the tedium and shorten the process of husking their corn, by inviting all the young folks of the neighborhood to meet together in the barn of an evening, and lend a helping hand. Many a swain has lost his own heart and won another at such husking parties. Mr. Hargreave threatens to break up those long-to-be-remembered social gatherings, by the introduction of the curious machine seen in our engraving. By its use an ordinary stock of corn can be husked before the folks could be got together, or at any rate during the time spent by the messenger in going for them. The inventor says that a hand machine will easily husk, with the labor of a man and boy, three hundred bushels of ears in ten hours. A man stands at the machine and turns, while a boy places the stalk end of the ear against the rim in the grooves of the circular plate. As the grooved plate turns, the cutters descend and sever the corn from the husk—One cutter retains the husk, while the other slides out the ear into a recei